YOU'LL GO "APE" OVER THIS ISSUE OF

# MAD IND

No. 94
April '65

OUR PRICE 25c CHEAP

Clarissa Peabody consulted "Sam Foureyes" when she found lipstick smears on her husband's shirt. Sam went to work, followed his client's husband, checked his daily activities, discovered that the lipstick was actually Clarissa's. Results: The Peabodys have given up wrestling. Another successful case closed by "Sam Foureyes". Call him at QU 3-1060.

Photography by Lester Krauss

# Be suspicious!

When he starts working late at the office a lot,
And he takes more business trips than usual,
And he comes home reeking of cheap perfume,
And you discover that lipstick smear on his collar,
Don't shrink from the hard cold facts! It's time to call in • SAM FOUREYES • TRADES HIS MARK
Clever, eh—parodying a famous Fabric Processor's ad and turning it into a • SAM FOUREYES plug • TRADES HIS MARK
Well, that's exactly what Sam is . . . clever.
A clever Private Detective.
So if you've got problems with your husband like this lady,
Don't be a drip! Air your dirty linen to "Sam Foureyes".
Sam will get the goods on him!

NUMBER 94 APRIL 1965

# MAD

*"Many a girl in love with a cleft chin makes the mistake of marrying the whole man!"*—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*
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GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, NELSON TIRADO *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
*the usual gang of idiots*

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**MAD**—April 1965 Vol. 1, Number 94, is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E.C. Publications, Inc., at 850 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 9 issues $2.00 or 24 issues $5.00. Outside U.S.A.; 9 issues $2.50 or 24 issues $6.25. Allow 6 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyrighted ©1964 by E.C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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## LETTERS DEPT.

### IMAGE OF U.S. JUSTICE

Congratulations to Al Jaffee for another great "MAD Fold-In"—"The Image of U.S. Justice". I wonder if anybody burned a cross in front of your office building.

Steve Blumrich
Huntsville, Alabama

Congratulations on having the courage to print it. Your magazine is truly the conscience of us all. You deserve only praise.

Mrs. Dan Di Biasio
Cleveland, Ohio

### RUINED IMAGE

I found your "Letters From Santa Claus in"#92 the most disgusting display of crudeness I have ever read. It completely ruins the image of Santa Claus for the younger set. I have always enjoyed your magazine, but you lowered yourselves considerably when you printed this garbage.

Gary Harrison
Edmonds, Washington

### HAIL THAT TIGER

On behalf of all the employees of Humble Oil, Bala Cynwyd Division, I want to congratulate you on the marvelous satire on your back cover of the January issue (#92) based on our beloved tiger.

Rita Petrushansky
Philadelphia, Penna.

It's about time someone did something for the poor, defenseless tiger who lately has been so exploited by "Big Business".

A 3/c John E. Rosiak
Wiethersfield A.F.B., England

### A HUMOROUS EXCHANGE

This past Summer, I traveled over a great deal of Europe as an Exchange Student. The hardest task for an Exchange Student, I think, is to make friends and to promote good will and understanding between the people of his country and the country he is residing in. With language barriers, it is sometimes a very slow and difficult process. Yet, armed with copies of MAD Magazine, a paperback edition of "Don Martin Bounces Back" and a smile, I have had more fun and made more friends through the universal language of humor and laughter than I could possibly have done otherwise. MAD, from its satirical heights to its most ridiculous lows is, without a doubt, the best propaganda America has to offer.

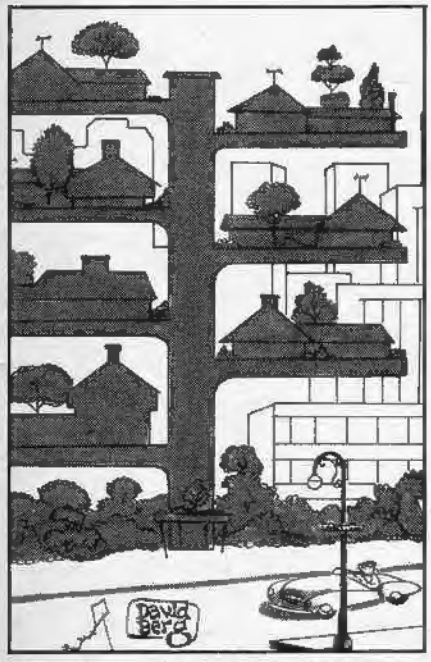
Steve Emerick
Fulfsweg, Germany

### MAD AT G.M. FUTURAMA

Recently, while visiting the New York World's Fair, I noticed a model of a building in the General Motors' Futurama exhibit which seemed vaguely familiar. As I recall, several years ago, Dave Berg designed a similar building for an article describing the eventual move back to the cities from the suburbs. Is this a mere coincidence, or a copy of Dave's original concept? In any case, all I can say is "How 'bout that?"

Thomas A. Reiches
New Rochelle, N.Y.

G.M.'s Futurama Building




Berg's FuturaMAD Building

### LARGER DISTRIBUTION

How any newspaper-reading American can stand daily life without the occasional relief of MAD Magazine, I just cannot understand. It seems to me that if there was a larger distribution of your magazine, there would be a sharp drop in the number of neurotics, paranoics and suicidals running around our cities.

Christine Eberhardt
St. Louis, Missouri

**So who's gonna buy our magazine?—Ed.**

### SHAKESPEARE UP-TO-DATE

. . . such apt and gracious words . . .
*(Love's Labour Lost II, 1, 73)*
. . . and I did laugh sans intermission . . .
*(As You Like It II, 7, 30)*
Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. *(Hamlet, II, 2, 211)*
A kind of excellent dumb discourse.
*(The Tempest III, 3, 38)*
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks.
*(Twelfth Night III, 3, 14)*

Ellen Leef Weiss
New York City

### SHAKESPEARE AND PHONY

Let me say, in all sincerity, that the feature entitled "Shakespeare Up-To-Date" was the best satirical article I have ever read anywhere in my whole life. I wonder if it was necessary, however, for you to identify the exact source of each of the quotations used—surely I'm not the only MAD reader who knows all the lines by heart. Anyway, it was a tribute to the Immortal Bard, and I for one appreciate it deeply. At the same time, something I did not approve of in Issue #92 was the so-called feature, "PHONY Magazine". Was this supposed to be funny? This piece left me completely unamused.

G. Alan Robison, B.S.
Vanderbilt University
Nashville, Tennessee

**Perhaps you may have been amused by the item we left out of "Phony Magazine"—referring to the phonies who claim they know all the lines of Shakespeare by heart. —Ed.**

### THE CARPETSWEEPERS

"The Carpetsweepers" was great! Unfortunately, the film it satirized was much funnier. You did your best, but Mr. Joseph Levine was finally one step ahead of you. I love ya, anyway.

Doris Francis
St. Albans, N.Y.

### "IN" AND "OUT"

Congratulations to Arnie Kogen and Paul Coker, Jr. for "The MAD 'IN' And 'OUT' Book" in Issue #92. After reading it, I was in stitches, mainly because I did the "Limbo" under barbed wire.

Alex Lampone
Wast Allis, Wisconsin

**Doing the "Limbo" under barbed wire is "Out"! Doing the "Fish" under water is "In"!—Ed.**

### WE'RE CRESTFALLEN

MAD Magazine has been shown to be an effective intelligence-preventative oracle of insignificant value...even when used in a conscientiously applied program of psychiatric hygiene and regular professional care.

Steve Conlin
North Hollywood, Calif.

**Please address all correspondence to:**
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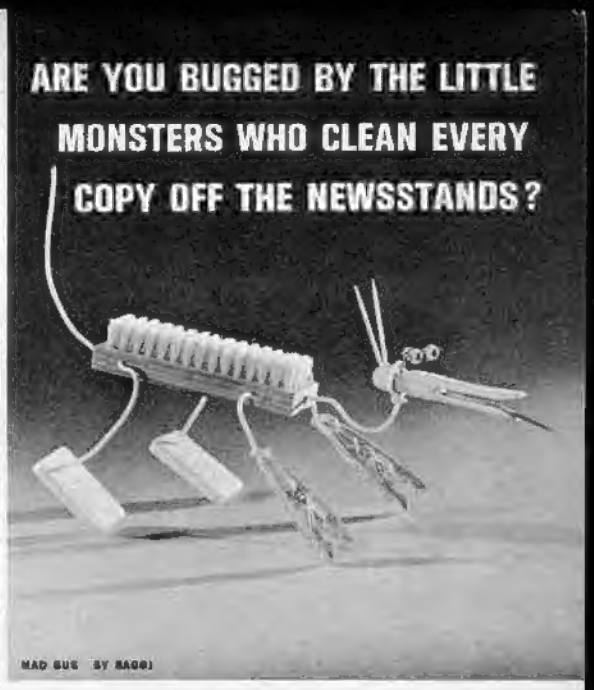


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That *Duz* it! Your *Ad* is right! I **am** *Tide* of the *Wisk* involved in that MAD *Dash* to the newsstand, so I'm taking *Action!* Now, I'll be getting all of your *Fab* issues right *Cheer* at home . . . by **mail!**

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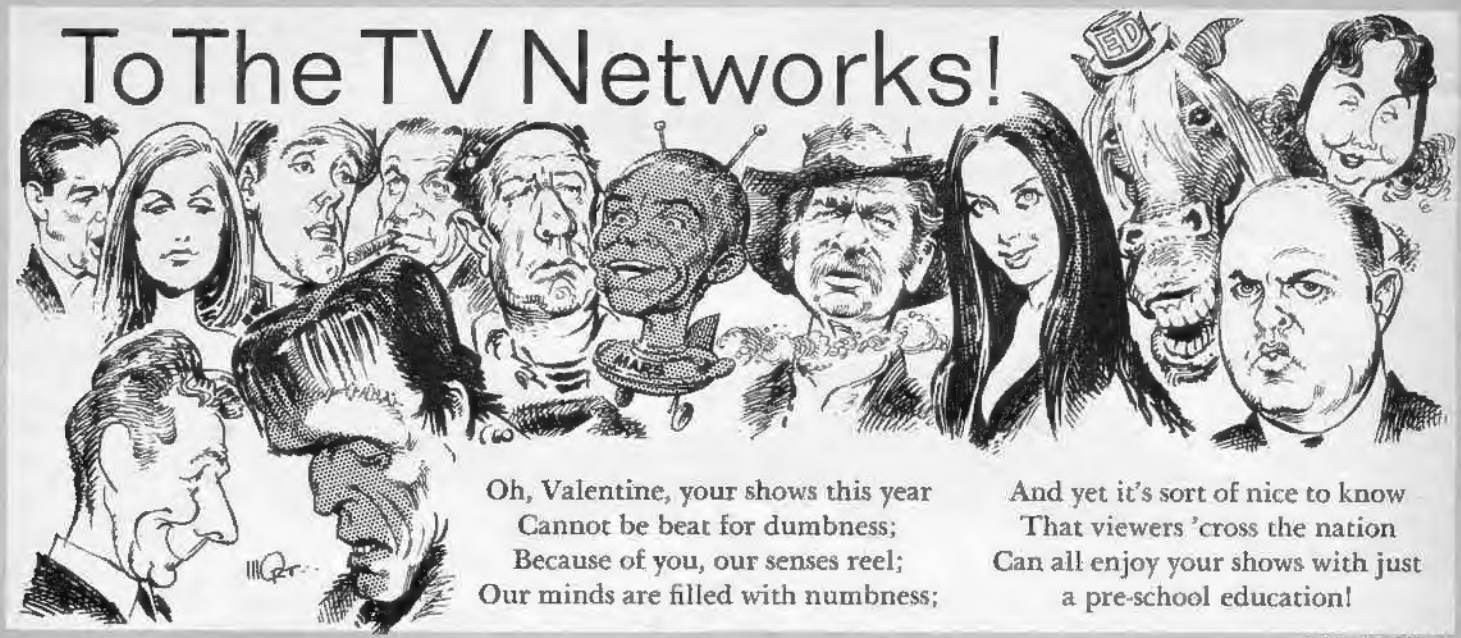
## LOST & FOUND

Yep, we've lost a fortune on these offers of full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, for 25¢ (3 for 50¢)—and we just found out why . . . Seems nobody's ordering any from: MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

# To The TV Networks!

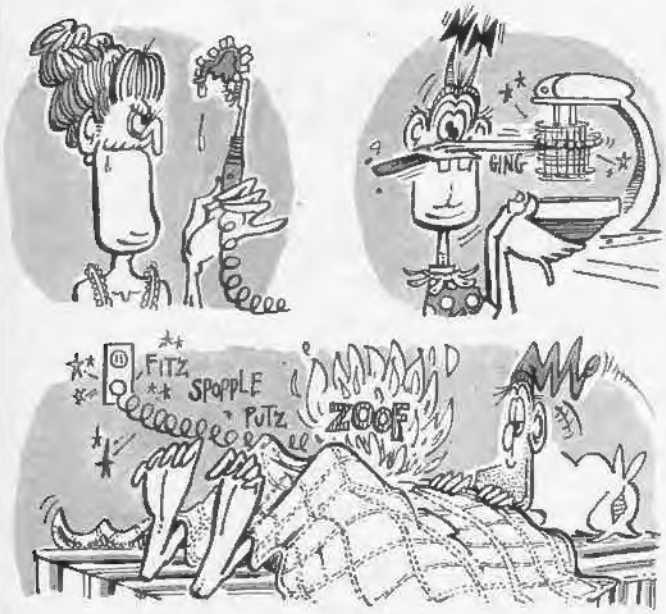



Oh, Valentine, your shows this year
Cannot be beat for dumbness;
Because of you, our senses reel;
Our minds are filled with numbness;

And yet it's sort of nice to know
That viewers 'cross the nation
Can all enjoy your shows with just
a pre-school education!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

# To The Makers of Electrical Appliances




*Dear Valentine!*

*Your new electric toothbrush just*
*Destroyed Ma's upper plate;*
*Your new electric blanket just*
*Ignited Uncle Nate;*
*Your new electric mixer won't*
*Let go of little Sue;*
*Each day we're finding brand-new things*
*Appliances can do!*

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

**CUPIDITY (look it up!) DEPT.**

*Valentine's Day is a time to show feelings of love and affection. And who is more worthy of receiving our love than the folks who receive all of our money . . . namely American Industry. So, with this heartfelt sentiment to guide us, let us now demonstrate our affection with . . .*

# To The Designers of Women's Fashions:

## Dear Valentine!

*Your dresses hang like burlap sacks,*
*Your coats are a disgrace,*
*Your hats might well have been designed*
*For use in outer space,*
*Before you make up next year's styles*
*To sell your faithful harem—*
*Please have some pity on us guys*
*Who have to watch girls wear 'em!*

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

## To The Bell Telephone System:

*We once adored you, Valentine,*
*But now you've made us sore—*
*With numbers like six-one-five-nine-*
*Four-two-eight-six-three-four;*
*We feel that we've been led astray,*
*You've treated us so sloppily;*
*But that's the price we have to pay*
*When using a monopoly!*

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JNR.

## To The Makers Of Headache Remedies:

Whenever we have headache ills,
We try to end our sufferin'
With aspirin and other pills
Like Anacin and Bufferin;
But, Valentine, we must endure
The pains, because you see—
We get the headaches
watching your
Commercials on TV!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

# MAD's Valentines to American Industry

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## To The Automobile Companies:

You give your cars real fancy names
Like Tempest, Riviera;

Like Comet, Skylark, Galaxie,
LeSabre and Polara;

Your names are helpful, Valentine,
Because each year we're learning—

The fancier a car is named,
The more gas it is burning!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

SIGNING-OFF DEPT.

# THE PROPHET

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

**IT'S TRUE! BONDS DO HAVE MORE FUN DEPT.**

There's a new trend on Broadway these days—which is to make musicals based on great British literary figures. First there was "Camelot", based on the story of King Arthur... then there was "Oliver", based on Charles Dickens' novel "Oliver Twist"... and this fall, there is "Baker Street", based on the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. That's why we at MAD feel that it's only a matter of time before Broadway does a musical on the most sure-fire British literary hero of all. We mean, of course, James Bond, Special Agent 007, of the British Secret Service, the creation of the late Ian Fleming. Perhaps someday there may be a real James Bond musical. But until then, you'll just have to put up with a MAD James *Bomb* musical, which we've titled:

# 007

## ACT I, SCENE 1: THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE

Good morning, girls! It is I... **Commander James Bomb,** also known as Agent 007! I have come to be briefed on my next assignment which undoubtedly will prove to be dangerous, exciting, and packed with passion and romance!

Oh, Commander Bomb! I just love your **ruthless eyes!** Kiss me!

I just love your **cruel mouth!** Kiss me!

I just love your **flaring nostrils!** Kiss me!

And I just love your **.25 calibre Beretta Automatic** carried in that holster under your left arm!

Er... is **that all?** Don't you want me to **kiss you?**

Not particularly, Agent 007! Mainly because **I'm Agent 008—in training!** And this girdle is **killing** me!

BRITISH SECRET SERVICE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Well, Agent 008—in training! You're a **lucky man!** Because someday, you'll be like me! That is...

* There's an aura of glamour about me!
There's an aura of glamour about me!
The commonfolk sigh
When they see me walk by,
Because they all know I'm a world-famous spy!

Oh, what a jolly good living—
I get such jolly good pay!
And I've a jolly good feeling,
I shall kill someone today!

Now it may be some German or Frenchman;
Or it may be some Mafia henchman;
It may be some sinister Communist foe—
Or even some lunatic like Dr. No!

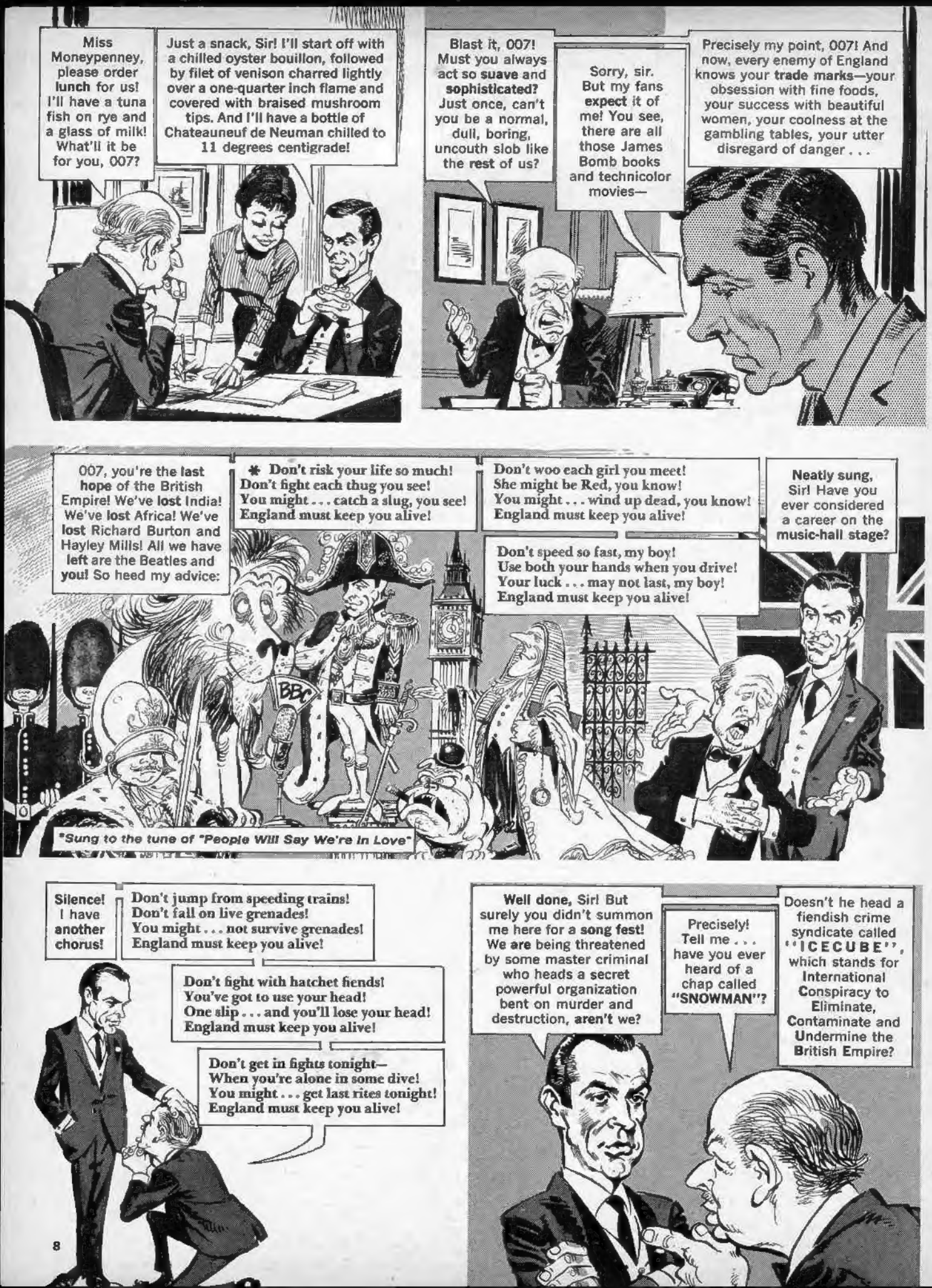
Oh, what a jolly good living—
I get such jolly good pay!
And I've a jolly good feeling,
I shall kill someone today!

Dash it all, 007! You're **45 seconds late!** Kindly remove yourself from the clerical staff and come in here immediately!

OFFI
OF
M

CHIEF OF SECRET SERVICE

*Sung to the tune of "Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin'!"


Miss Moneypenney, please order lunch for us! I'll have a tuna fish on rye and a glass of milk! What'll it be for you, 007?
Just a snack, Sir! I'll start off with a chilled oyster bouillon, followed by filet of venison charred lightly over a one-quarter inch flame and covered with braised mushroom tips. And I'll have a bottle of Chateauneuf de Neuman chilled to 11 degrees centigrade!
Blast it, 007! Must you always act so suave and sophisticated? Just once, can't you be a normal, dull, boring, uncouth slob like the rest of us?
Sorry, sir. But my fans expect it of me! You see, there are all those James Bomb books and technicolor movies—
Precisely my point, 007! And now, every enemy of England knows your trade marks—your obsession with fine foods, your success with beautiful women, your coolness at the gambling tables, your utter disregard of danger . . .
007, you're the last hope of the British Empire! We've lost India! We've lost Africa! We've lost Richard Burton and Hayley Mills! All we have left are the Beatles and you! So heed my advice:
* Don't risk your life so much! Don't fight each thug you see! You might . . . catch a slug, you see! England must keep you alive!
Don't woo each girl you meet! She might be Red, you know! You might . . . wind up dead, you know! England must keep you alive!
Don't speed so fast, my boy! Use both your hands when you drive! Your luck . . . may not last, my boy! England must keep you alive!
Neatly sung, Sir! Have you ever considered a career on the music-hall stage?
BBC
*Sung to the tune of "People Will Say We're In Love"
Silence! I have another chorus!
Don't jump from speeding trains! Don't fall on live grenades! You might . . . not survive grenades! England must keep you alive!
Don't fight with hatchet fiends! You've got to use your head! One slip . . . and you'll lose your head! England must keep you alive!
Don't get in fights tonight— When you're alone in some dive! You might . . . get last rites tonight! England must keep you alive!
Well done, Sir! But surely you didn't summon me here for a song fest! We are being threatened by some master criminal who heads a secret powerful organization bent on murder and destruction, aren't we?
Precisely! Tell me . . . have you ever heard of a chap called "SNOWMAN"?
Doesn't he head a fiendish crime syndicate called "ICECUBE", which stands for International Conspiracy to Eliminate, Contaminate and Undermine the British Empire?

That's the bloke! He lives in North Greenland, in a mammoth igloo guarded by 10,000 trained eskimos! So far, "Snowman" has killed Agents 001 through 006 in consecutive numerical order! And you know what, 007 . . . ?

No! What, Sir?

Well, I think you may be next!

We know that "Snowman" is planning something big, but we don't know what!

Excuse me, Sir, but the Weather Bureau reports that the entire British Isles has begun moving steadily towards Greenland at a speed of 50 miles an hour!

Did you hear that, 007?

Sounds like the work of "Snowman" all right! I'll start my investigation immediately by flying to a plush hotel on the French Riviera for a week of gambling and woman-chasing!

Good show, 007! "Snowman" will never dream that you are on to him!

## ACT I, SCENE 2: A LONDON STREET

I am Commander James Bomb, and I am off on what may prove to be the most dangerous, exciting, passionate adventure of my entire career!

Take me with you!

Me!

No, take me!

Me!

Me!

My name is Tasti Delight, and I killed every one of those girls back there so I could be with you, Commander Bomb! I just adore this car! It's a souped-up '34 Bentley with an overdrive unit fitted behind the transmission, hydraulic brakes, and a 9-to-1 compression ratio, isn't it?

Yes, but I actually bought it for its vertically mounted high-tensile steel ashtray, its silver-plated hand-tooled ignition key, and the hand-woven, vat-dyed, triple-twist Indian Hemp seat covers!

* Chaps and blokes observe me intently
When I take a spin in my Bentley,
When I take a spin in my Bentley
With the blonde . . . up front!

Watch that gauge and see how we're zipping!
Shift those gears and hear how they're stripping!
I must say it's all rather ripping—
Such a care-free stunt!

The aerial's flying the Union Jack—
It waves when the wind starts to fan ya!
The wheels are turning, while in the back,
The stereo plays "Rule Britannia!"

Hear the chaps all shout "How impressive!"
When I drive at speeds so excessive!
Speeding makes me look so aggressive
When I'm on the hunt
In my jolly little Bentley
With the blonde—in the front!

I know a deserted road nearby where we can neck passionately!

Actually, I should be getting to the Riviera! Still—I must maintain my reputation as a cool, suave ladies' man, so let us proceed to that deserted road . . .

*Sung to the tune of "The Surrey With The Fringe On Top"

I shall never forget this delicious, fragrant, intoxicating moment as long as I live, Darling!

Er—could you be a little less passionate? You're creasing my shoulder holster . . . !

All right, Bomb! On your feet! That'll be enough out of you!

We've finally trapped you, Agent 007!

We'd kill you now, except our boss wants the pleasure of destroying you himself!

Eskimos!! And in England! This must be the work of "SNOWMAN"!!

Why did you lure me here, Tasti? What strange power does "Snowman" have over you? Did he force you to betray me? Is he perhaps holding your parents captive and won't release them until you help to capture me? Is it something like that?

No, James! Actually, I'm just no good!

And now, Bomb, we're taking you to Greenland —to "Snowman" in his headquarters in Glacier City . . . !

Couldn't we go to the Riviera instead? We'd all have a wizard of a time at Monte Carlo!

Don't be silly! You will love Glacier City!

We all love it! Mainly because . . .

I AM A GIRL

* Everything's really cool in Glacier City!
There is no better place on Earth we know!
No matter what the season,
You'll always beat the heat—
The temperature is 35 below!

Everything's frozen stiff in Glacier City!
The streets up there are paved with Arctic snow!
A frozen walrus dinner
Sells for 20 cents a slice!
A fricassee of polar bear
Is also mighty nice!
And if you throw a party, you
Just can't run out of ice!

There is no better place on Earth we know!

No, sir! There is no better place on Earth we know!

I don't know! It sounds rather gauche to me! I still think we'd have a much better time at Monte Carlo or Capri!

However, I'm always open to suggestions for new spots to holiday at—especially when there are machine guns ready to convince me! Let's go!



*Sung to the tune of "Everything's Up-To-Date In Kansas City"

## ACT II, SCENE 1: SNOWMAN'S MAMMOTH IGLOO IN GLACIER CITY

This passageway must lead to the atomic generator!

Yes, James, my love, but it's guarded by 10,000 eskimos! The odds are so unfair!

That's true, but the eskimos will just have to take their chances!

Press the button while I hold off these fools, Tasti!

All right, James, darling . . . and then we can make our escape in a kayak that I conveniently tied up in a secret cove only a few yards from here . . . !

CABLE RELEAS

## ACT II, SCENE 2: THE LONDON HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE

. . . and that's the whole story, sir! It certainly is good to be home again—except I don't understand why England is now so blasted hot!

Backlash, 007! "Snowman" was pulling England northward—but when you released the cable, it sent England heading southward again . . . only we overshot our original position and are now situated on the equator!

Sorry, sir! I guess I blew it!

Mistakes will happen, 007! Actually, I was getting deucedly tired of the infernal British fog and damp weather! As far as I'm concerned, the case is closed . . . except for one last thing . . .

And what's that, Sir?

Why the closing number, of course! Thanks to you, 007, Great Britain is still here! Which is why the entire population of the British Isles wants to sing the Grand Finale to you . . .

* Ohhhhhhhhhhh-0-7!
Is the greatest spy there is today!
Though the Empire's gone,
He keeps right on—
So you'd bet-ter not get in his way!

Ohhhhhhhhhhh-0-7,
We adore his looks and manly build!
When the going's rough,
He's got the stuff!
And he nev-ver let's himself be killed!

We know in a fight he will win!
'Cause he wins every fight he is in!

And that is why—
When bullets start to fly—
You'll hear us crying:
"You'll never die, 0-0-7!
0-0-7—
Our spy!"

PRAISE THE BOMB!

*Sung to the tune of "Oklahoma!"

DRUCKER

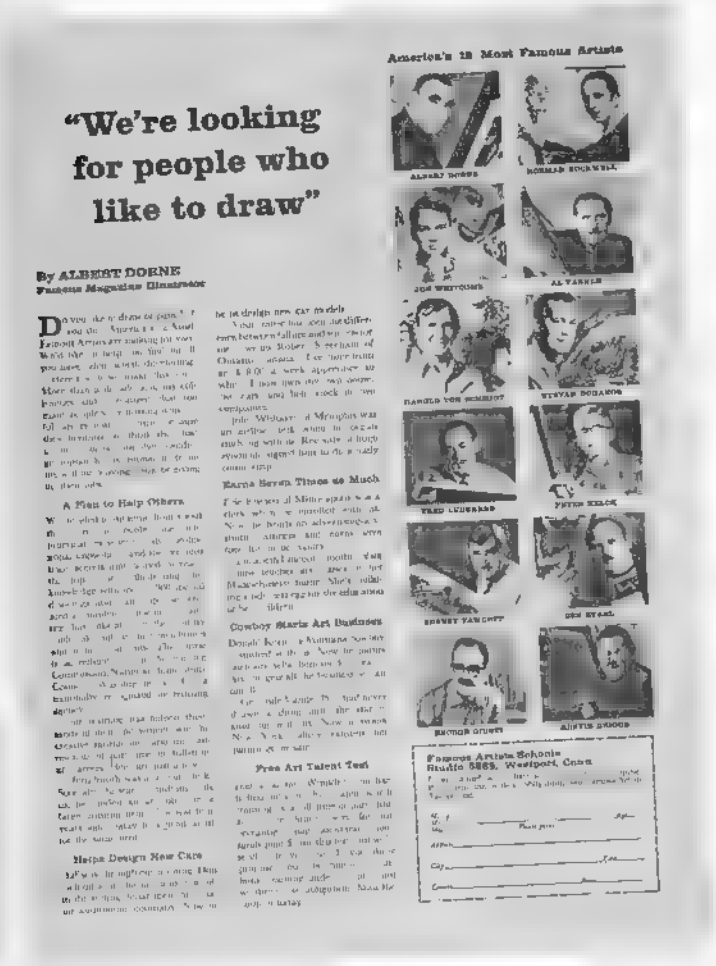
## SCHOOLS RUSH IN . . . DEPT.

Have you noticed the interesting money-making schemes that grace the pages of our magazines nowadays? A group of famous people in a particular field get together and form a correspondence school to teach hopefuls who want to enter that field some of the tricks of the trade. First came the "Famous Artists School"—then came "The Famous Writers School"— followed by "The Famous Cartoonists School"—and now "The Famous Photographers School." If this trend keeps up, we should be seeing some rather unusual

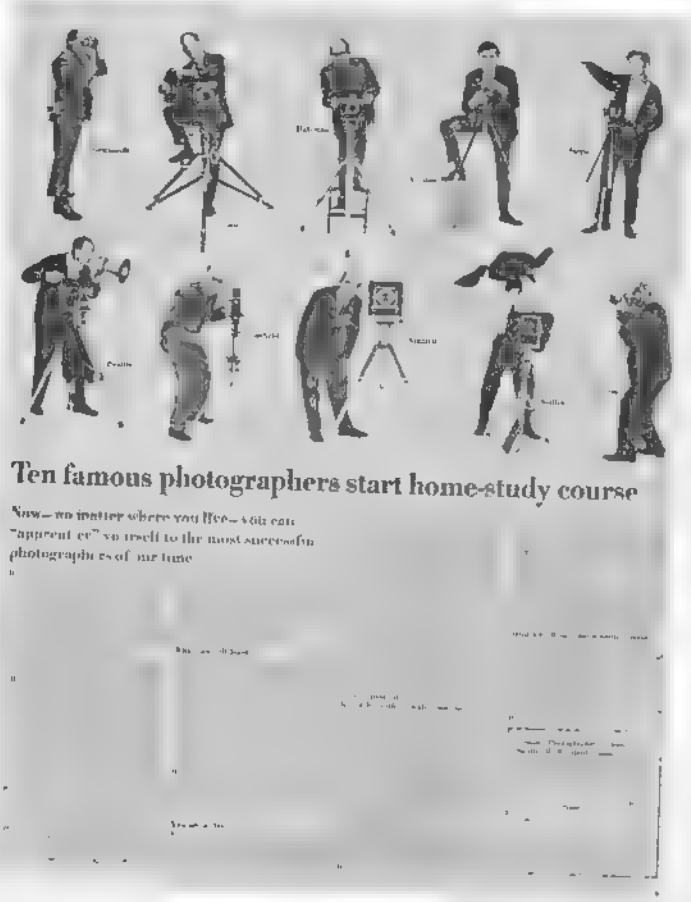
# Famous People's Home-Study Courses

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: AL JAFFEE

### FIRST "FAMOUS PEOPLE'S HOME-STUDY COURSE"




### LATEST "FAMOUS PEOPLE'S HOME-STUDY COURSE"




When the field of illustration was killed by photography, a group of desperate illustrators introduced a home-study course with advertisements that stressed the money-making opportunities for artists. This proved to be true—as the swelling bank accounts of the school's founders will show.

When photography replaced illustration, anyone who could snap a shutter got into the act. The field is now crowded and competition is fierce. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, several apprehensive photographers are now trying the same trick that saved some of their former victims.

TO SEE WHAT WILL HAPPEN AS OTHER GROUPS GET INTO THE ACT, TURN PAGE AND HOLD MAGAZINE SIDEWAYS LIKE THIS:

# Ten famous butchers start home-study course

## Now—the most exciting, secure vocation this country can offer

If you are too young to remember World War II, a little research will quickly reveal that the most powerful, most sought-after person on the home front was the family butcher. No one ate better or made more money in what has come to be remembered nostalgically as "The Black Market". In fact, so much meat was sold under the counter in those days that three out of four butchers developed permanent curvature of the spine from bending down so much.

Now, with war a constant threat, the butcher's big day could return at any moment. You wouldn't want to miss out on all that, would you? And even if there is no war, you won't find a healthier, more secure bunch than butchers. Their average weight of 238 pounds will attest to this, because every pound comes from eating prime cuts—the kind their customers never get to see.

So plan on starting your own business as a butcher today. Write now for this marvelous course. It comes in 18 Easy-To-Follow Lessons, and we even supply the special leakproof bags for you to ship your homework to us in.

**Famous Butchers School**
**Dept. 85, Hamhock, Illoinois**

Name

Address

City ..... State

# Ten famous celebrities start home-study course

## Now—you can be famous without doing a single outstanding thing

Up until now, becoming famous was limited to those individuals who accomplished something of great distinction, either through years of hard work, or by the application of rare talent. But now at last, you can become famous without doing one single thing to deserve it. Proof that this can be accomplished is graphically demonstrated by the ten famous members of our faculty. Every one of them is a celebrity for no apparent reason that anyone can think of. Now if they can do it, why can't you?

Yes, let these eminently qualified experts in this field teach you how. The course they present is simplicity itself. Everything our famous founders stand for — everything they know — everything they've done to deserve their fame has been compressed into one single easy-to-learn lesson. In fact, it's been compressed into one single easy-to-learn word. Aren't you dying to learn that one word that can start you on the road to fame and fortune? Write today!

**Famous Celebrities School**
**Dept. 39, Hooyoono, Pa.**

Name

Address

City . . State

# Ten famous millionaires start home-study course

## Now—no matter how wretched or poor a slob you are—you can learn to live like a millionaire

How often have you dreamed of being a millionaire—of enjoying the same experiences and prestige and security that millionaires enjoy? Well, now you don't need a million dollars to attain all this. Let these ten famous millionaires teach you everything they know by mail. A modest fee, in 75 monthly installments, will bring you all the intimate details. You will learn how millionaires live, eat, sleep and play through this remarkable home-study course. For example, Lesson #9 is a full-length color movie depicting the pleasure domes that millionaires frequent. Watching this is like going on a vacation you never dreamed you could afford. And Lesson #17 contains full-size cardboard color prints of the interiors of millionaire mansions. Pasted onto your shabby walls, you will feel what millionaires feel as they sit amid resplendant luxury. And Lesson #28 is a stereophonic tape of a gala millionaire party. You hear the actual voices of the people with whom millionaires socialize—people making clever, witty, wealthy talk. Doesn't that sound splendid? And just think: If you do happen to become a millionaire through some trick of fate, you'll be able to slide right into it so much more gracefully after taking this wonderful course. Enroll today.

**Famous Millionaires School**
**Box 9, Uppercrust, R. I.**

Name . .

Address . . .

City . . . . . State

# Ten famous space travellers start home-study course

## Now—no matter what your physical condition—you can learn to conquer space

If you want to experience the thrill of space travel and the consequent glamour of ticker tape parades in your honor, then this course is for you. Let ten famous space travelers teach you the intimate first-hand details right in your own home . . . and in only 12 easy lessons. So easy, in fact, that many of our best students are under 12 years of age. And it's pleasant, too. No tiresome months of backbreaking exercise. No endless hours of sickening testing and training. No monotonous diets of space food. Just one half hour a day does the trick with this marvelous course. After 12 weeks, you will know everything that many of our famous space travelers know . . . specifically those in pictures 3, 6 and 9, above. Then you'll be ready for space flights whenever openings show up in the near future. Write now to:

**Famous Space Travelers School**
**Box 86, Cape Kennedy, Fla.**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State

# Ten famous swindlers start home-study course

## Now—you can learn to cheat, embezzle, defraud—and then live a glorious life abroad

You have doubtlessly heard the expression "Crime does not pay!" Well, it really *doesn't* if you bother with low-class crimes like burglary, mugging, pickpocketing, etc. But just think for a moment of how often you've read about a politician, for example, whose salary is, say $15,000 a year, and after three years in office, he's worth $9,000,000. There's a big stir for a while, the politician resigns, the thing blows over, and he lives happily and wealthily ever after. That's class. And that's what our ten expert instructors have in common.

Many of them, the best shady money-making brains in the world, were heretofore unavailable to eager students. Only through this home-study course can we now offer the talents of some of the world's great citizens who are living in luxury and safety in countries that do not have extradition laws. At last, these highly-respected swindlers are ready to share their secrets with you. Enroll now and learn how you can live out your years spending other people's money in some far-off Utopia.

**Famous Swindlers School**
**Dept. 76, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil**

Name . . . . . .

Address . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

# Ten famous ad men start home-study course

## Now—no matter how stupid or untalented you are, you can make it big in the advertising game

At last—the real low-down from these ten highly-qualified ad men. What makes them so highly qualified, you ask? Is it because of the big accounts they've handled? Is it because of the new concepts in sales and promotions they've created? Have they written memorable slogans or otherwise added to the prestige of advertising? The answer is a resounding NO! On the contrary, they were clientless failures who were about to close up shop when a group of dazed and ragged illustrators staggered into their agency several years ago with a hair-brained scheme for starting a correspondence school. As a last fling into what should have been certain failure, they brainstormed up one of their typically simpleminded, uninspired ads with the headline, "Ten famous illustrators start home-study course". Well, the rest is history. The idea caught on, the money poured in, and they became famous for this type of advertising. But now, other ad agencies are getting into the act with other correspondence schools, and the future is beginning to look black. So they decided to offer this home-study course which teaches how to write ads for home-study courses. Enroll today!

**Famous Ad Men School**
**Box 72, Madison Avenue, N. Y.**

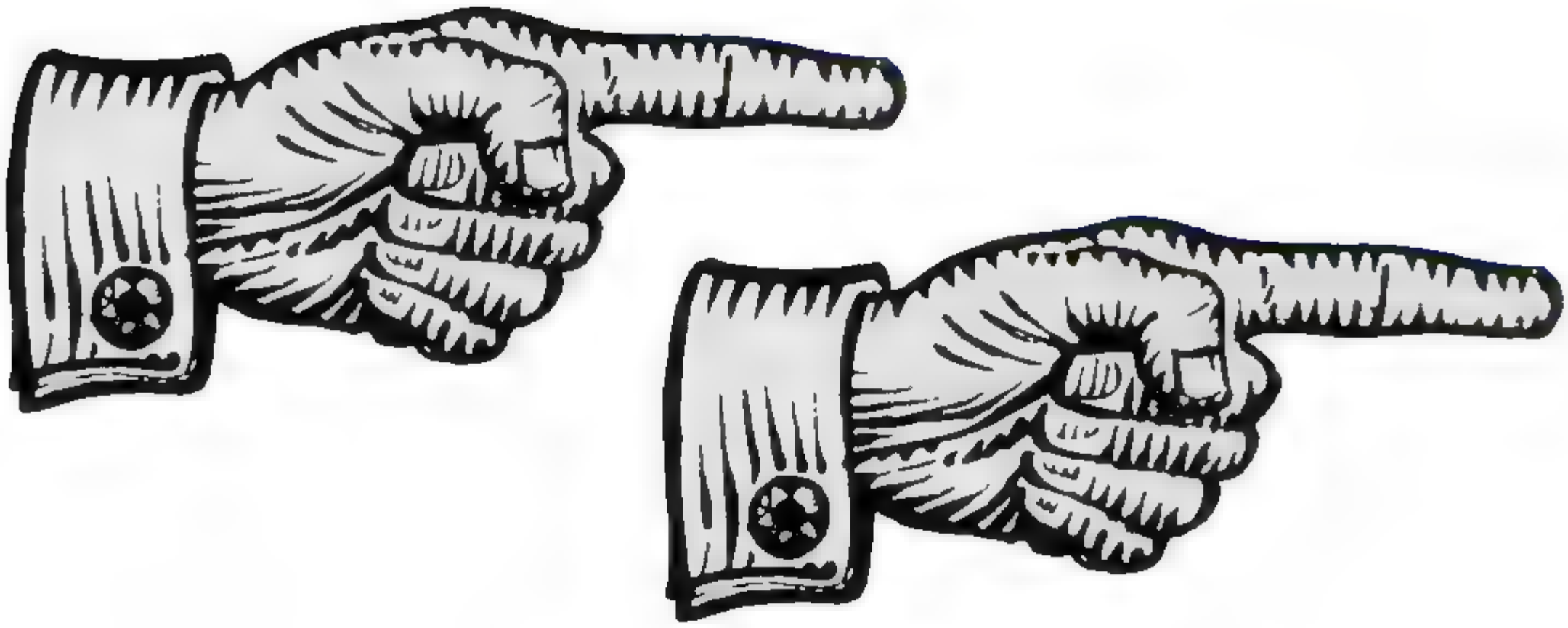
Name ...

Address . . ... .

City ... ... . . . ... . .. ... State .. .

***Nothing to see here!***

***Please skip ahead.***

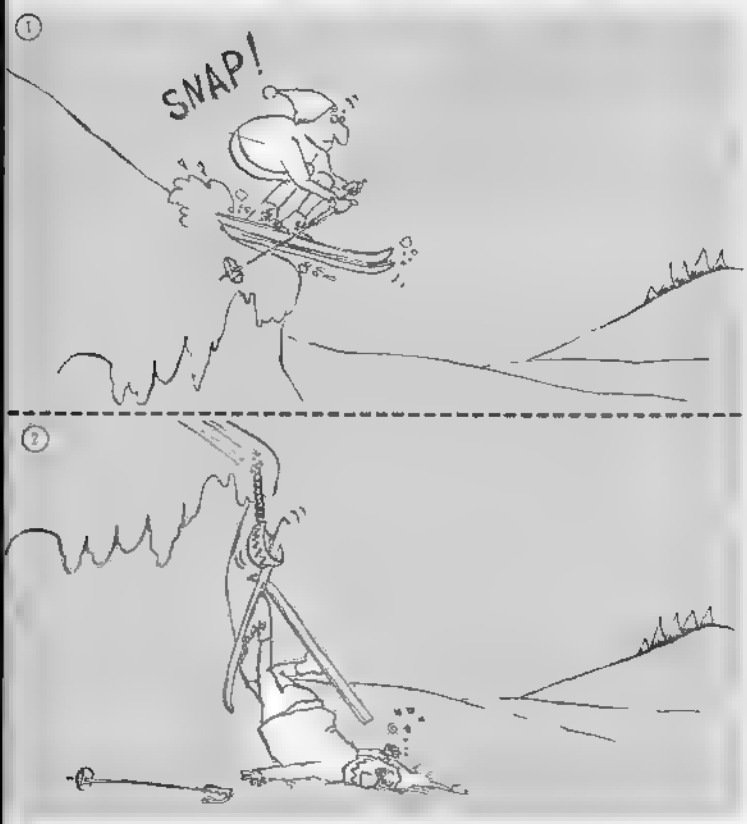


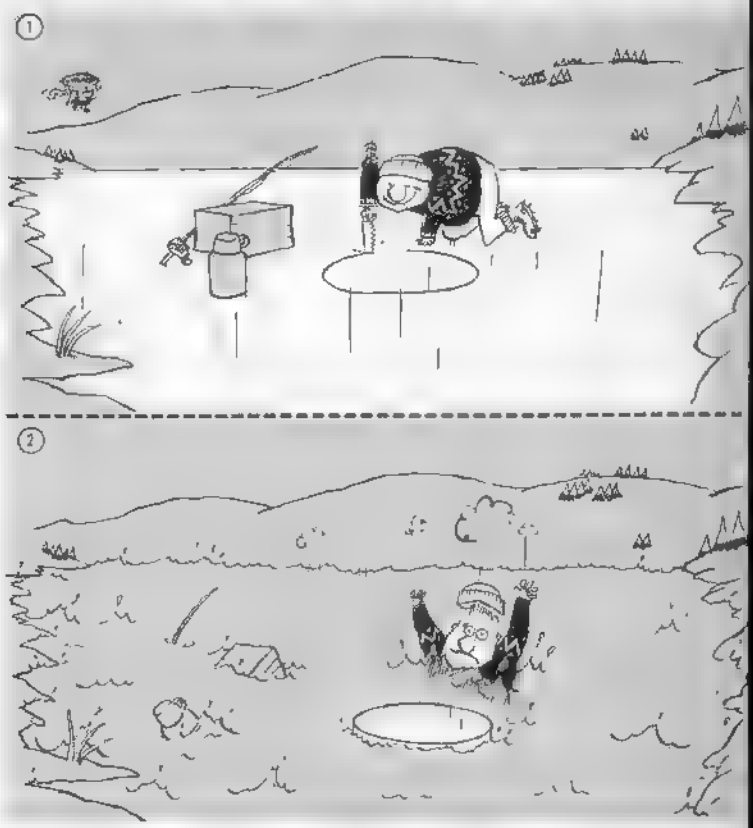
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

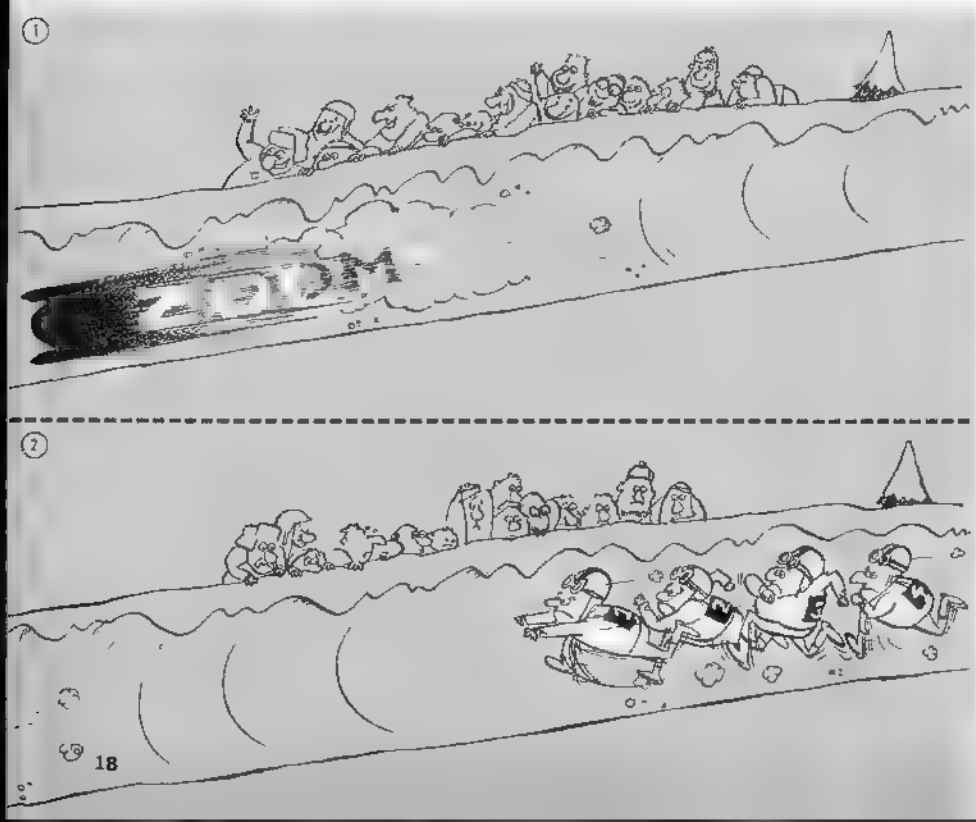
# A FINE DAY IN THE CITY

ICE-ELATION DEPT.

# A MAD LOOK AT WINTER

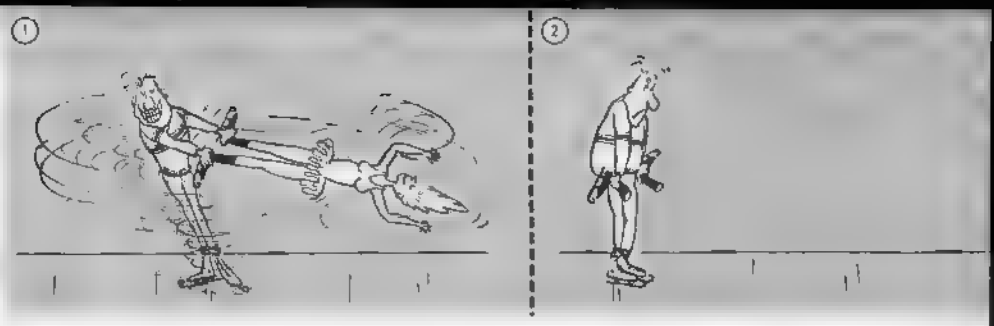


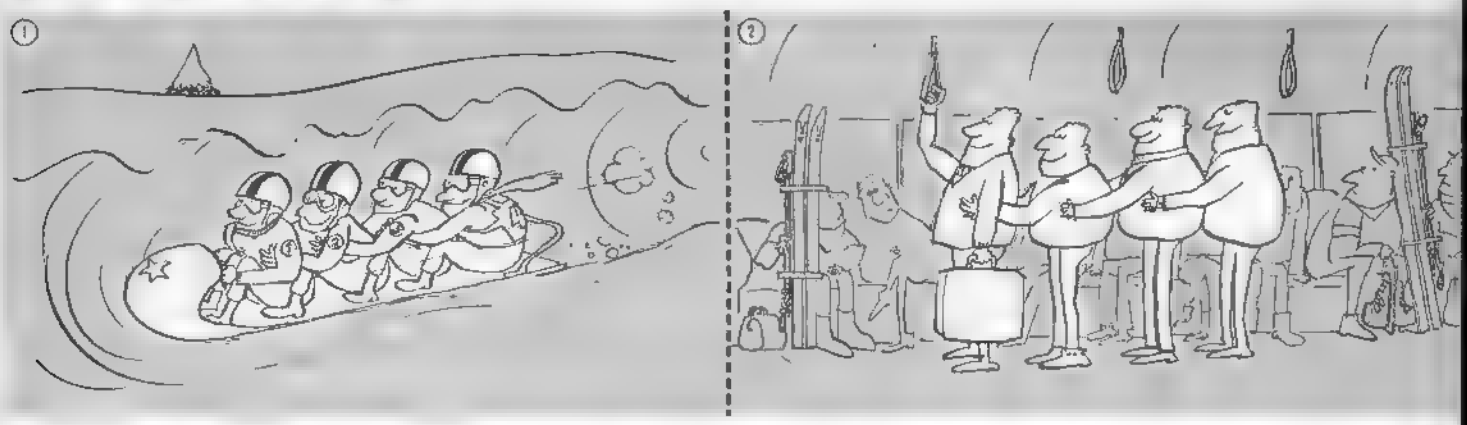



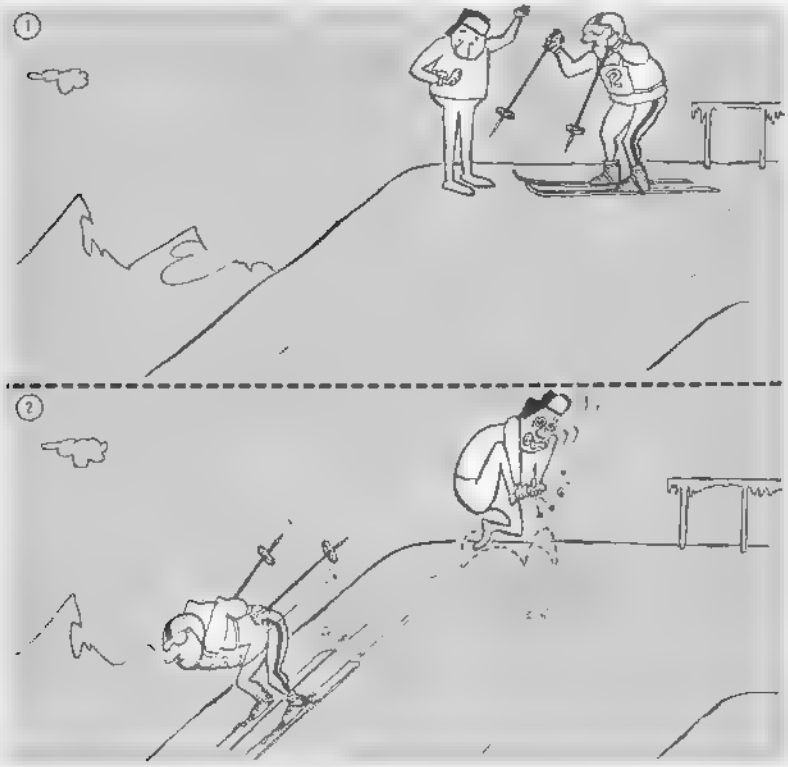



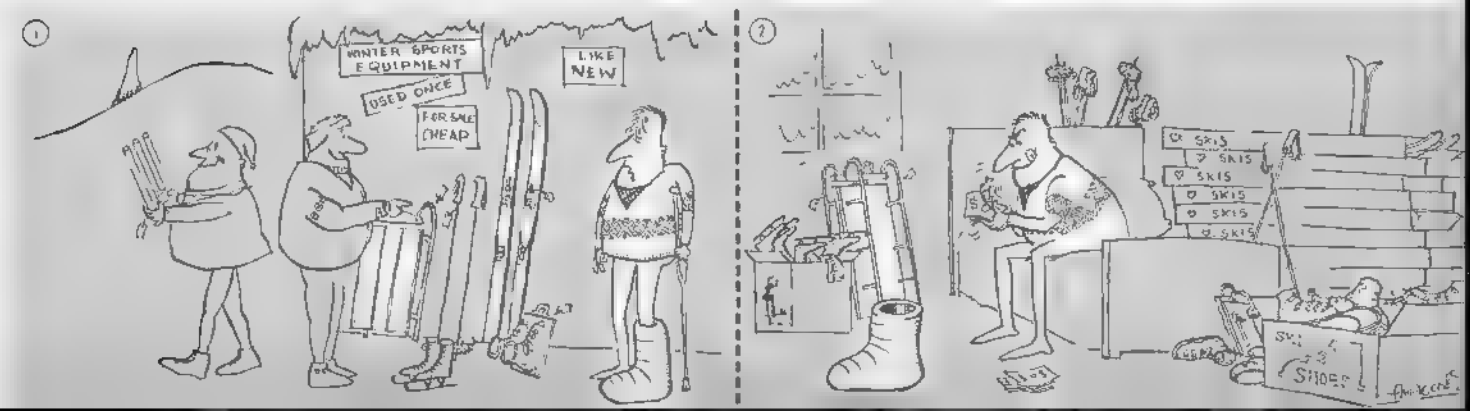
# SPORTS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









**SOFTENING THE BLOW-UPS DEPT.**

In order to save time, labor, and money, many organizations, corporations, and Government bureaus use "Form Answer-Letters" to acknowledge correspondence. Unfortunately, these "Form Answer-Letters" are always rather general in nature — merely thanking people for writing or showing interest. They rarely

# SPECIFIC "FORM A

# *THERE REALLY*

WRITER:

## OFFICE OF THE MAYOR
### The City Of New York

Dear Citizen:

Sorry you were mugged!

Although we are constantly seeking means to protect decent citizens like yourself from the lawless elements that abound in our community, it is difficult in a city of this size for our police force to be everywhere at once. Therefore, an occasional mugger or rapist or pervert will slip through.

However, please be assured that we are making every effort to see that this does not happen to you too often.

Once again, sorry for the inconvenience this has caused you.

Sincerely yours,

Robert F. Wagner

The Honorable
Robert F. Wagner,
Mayor

## PLAYBOY

232 east ohio chicago 11, illinois

Dear Playboy Reader:

Hi, guy!

Thank you for your note concerning Miss_____, who was Playboy's *"Playmate of the Month"* for_____.

We were extremely interested in your vivid remarks about her physical endowments, and although you did get rather "carried away" verbally, we found your "earthy" comments and inquiries to be typical of most of our sophisticated, healthy, normal, red-blooded urban male readers.

As to your request, we'd love to help you out, fellah, but we're afraid we cannot reveal the information of a very personal nature that you have requested about our *"Playmate of the Month,"* Miss_____.

As for your desire to know "what really happened" at the photography session for this particular "Playmate", well—let us just say that it was another one of our "normal" photography sessions.

Thank you for your interest and enthusiasm.

Sincerely,

Hugh

Hugh M. Hefner,
Editor and Publisher

get down to specifics. Which brings us to this specific article: "Form Answer-Letters" could certainly be specific in cases where many thousands of letters pour in—each having the same basic "comment" or asking the same "question" or making the same "complaint." So here are some MAD suggestions for:

# NSWER-LETTERS" OUGHT TO BE

ARNIE KOGEN

Makers Of The Multimillion Dollar Production—

CLEOPATRA

**20TH-CENTURY-FOX**
Hollywood, California

Dear Movie-Goer:

We are indeed sorry to hear that you feel that way about a motion picture in which we take such great pride, and which we consider to be one of our greatest achievements.

Surely, a film that received three Academy Awards in 1964, and features such outstanding stars as Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison and a screen beloved--Roddy McDowell, cannot be the "bomb" you say it is.

In any case, we appreciate your comments, and hope that your judgement of this particular production will not discolor your opinions of future 20th Century-Fox efforts.

We trust we will have the pleasure of your continued attendance.

Very truly yours,
Joseph L. Mankiewicz
Joseph L. Mankiewicz
In Charge Of Movie-Goer
Correspondence (Formerly
Producer of "Cleopatra")

**CBS TELEVISION**
51 WEST 52ND STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Dear Viewer:

Thank you for your recent letter of comment on "The Beverly Hillbillies" and/or "Petticoat Junction".

We of course value, and will take into careful consideration, your opinions as to the show's aesthetic, entertainment and educational values. We also noted with interest the age-level you felt the show appeals to.

However, in spite of your suggestions as to what to do with programs of this nature, we plan to continue presenting "The Beverly Hillbillies" and/or "Petticoat Junction" since the ratings are so high.

Yours truly,
Lois Standards
Lois Standards
Vice President
in charge of
Programming

# CANDID CAMERA

80 West 55th Street, New York, N.Y.

Dear Candid Camera Fan:—

In reference to your recent inquiry concerning Durward Kirby and his "exact function" on our show:

We believe Mr. Kirby is a pleasant and appealing television personality. He has warmth and charm, and throughout the years in connection with many successful broadcasting endeavors, he has attracted a large and loyal following. We are sure that you will agree with us that a man of this calibre is a welcome addition to any TV show.

As to "what he does" or "why he's necessary" or "what his exact job is" on our show, we are referring your letter to the CBS Research Department. Perhaps they can help you . . . and us.

Sincerely,

Will B. Fired

Will B. Fired
Assistant to Mr. Funt

# The Ford Motor Company

THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

*The Ford Family Of Fine Automotive Products*

**LINCOLN, MERCURY, ~~EDSEL~~ MUSTANG, THUNDERBIRD, FORD**

Dear New Owner:

We deeply regret hearing about the trouble you've been having with your brand new_____.

We at Ford pride ourselves on the performance and quality of each and every automobile we produce. We take all necessary precautions to see to it that the product you purchase is perfect in every way. The materials and labor that go into it are of the highest quality, and every one of our cars are checked, tested, then re-tested and re-checked before it is allowed to leave our plant.

However, with millions of Fords, Lincolns, Mercurys, Thunderbirds and ~~Edsels~~ MUSTANGS manufactured and sold each year, there is always the possibility, as there is with almost every product of a mechanical nature, that a few will need some slight further adjustments after they are purchased.

We are certain that if you drive it a while longer, the kinks will work themselves out, and the difficulties and circumstances that caused you, in your letter, to refer to your new car as a "lemon" will disappear.

Very truly yours,

Sidney J. Edsel

Sidney J. Edsel, Manager
Ford Motor Company
Quality Control Division

# The Saturday Evening POST

641 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We are in receipt of your letter of intent to bring suit against us for libel, slander and misrepresentation of fact.

We have every confidence that the author of the article entitled:_____ in the issue of The Saturday Evening Post dated_____ has substantial evidence to support the statements that you claim were personally damaging to you.

Please be advised that this matter is now in the hands of our attorneys who will be getting in touch with you shortly in an effort to reach an amicable settlement.

Sincerely,

B. D. Fensive

B. D. Fensive
Assistant Editor
in charge of
Law Suits

# MAD

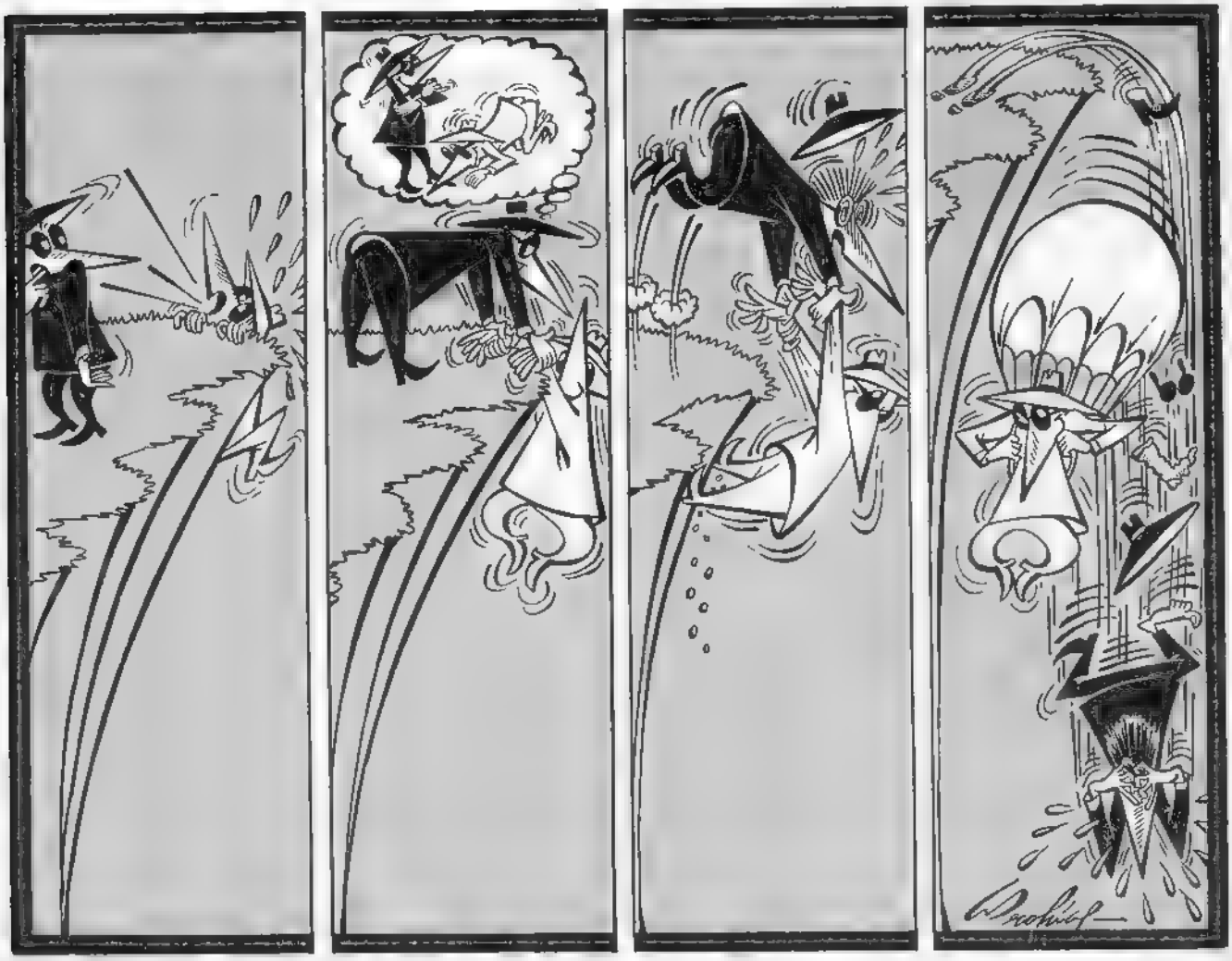
850 THIRD AVENUE, N. Y., N. Y.

If you don't like it . . .
DON'T READ IT!!

ABF

Al Feldstein,
Editor

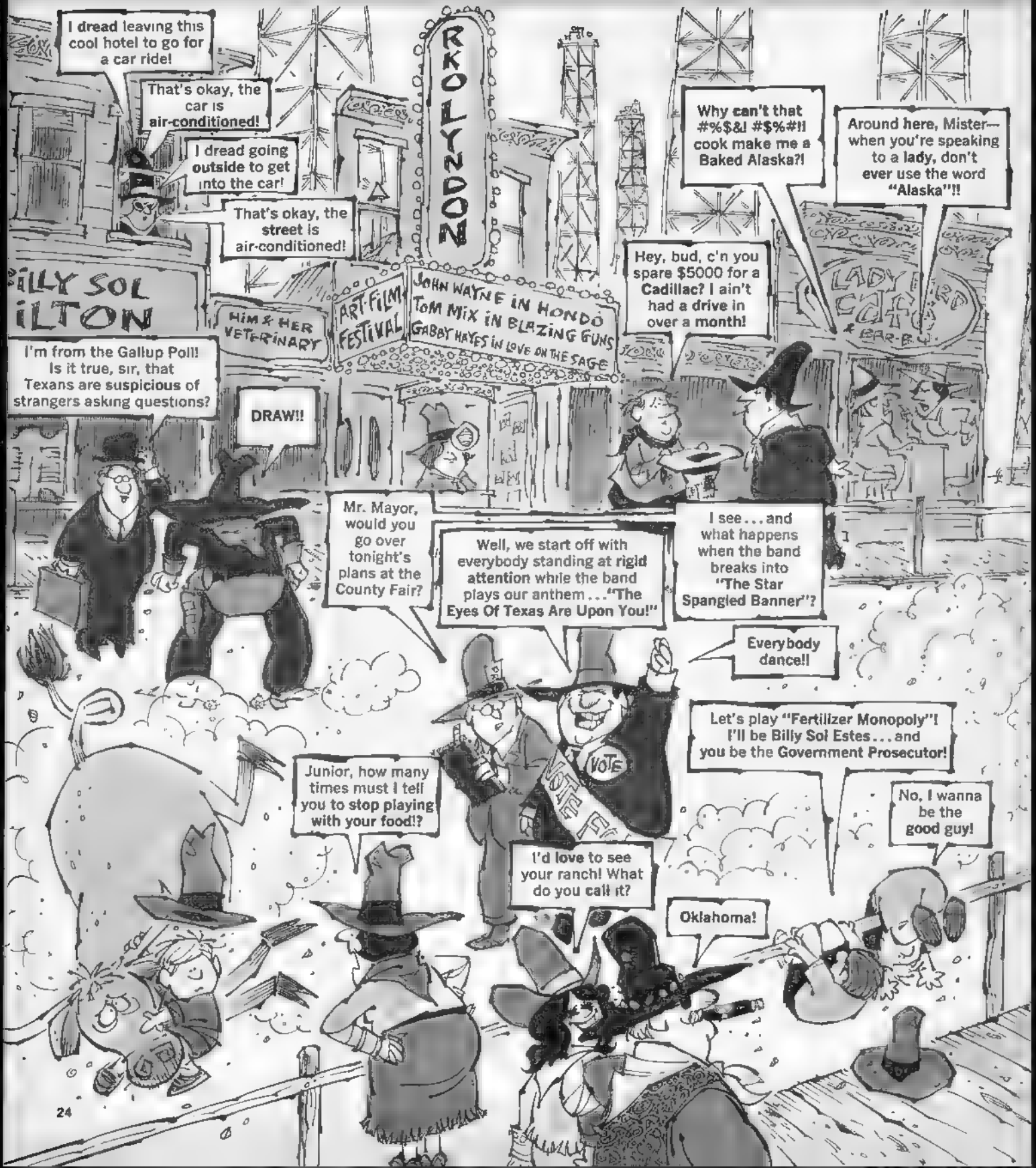
## JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I



**TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPT.**

In this, its seventh installment, "The MAD Information Service" continues to inform Americans about America—by presenting

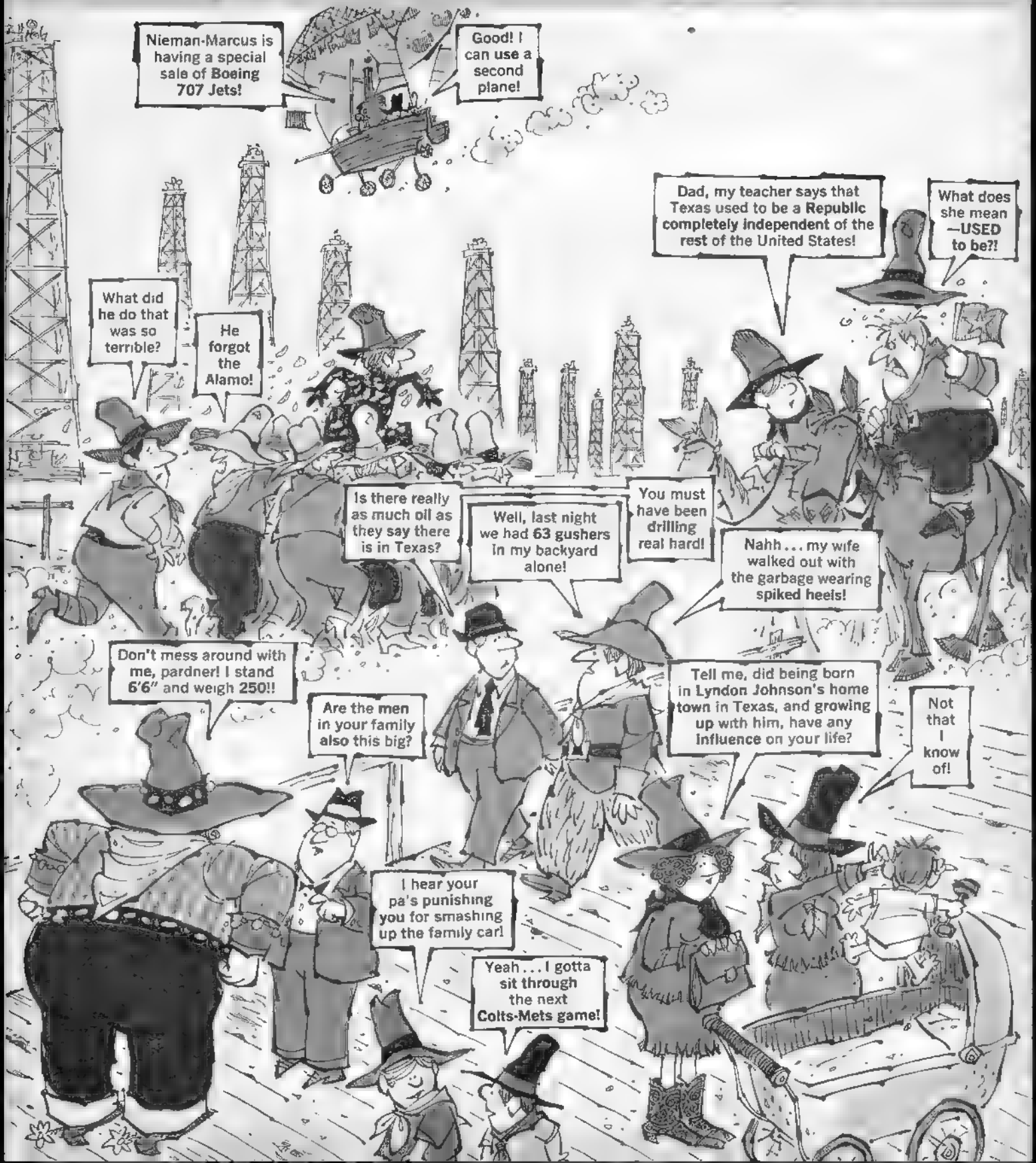
# THE SIGHTS OF THE



# and sounds u.s.a.

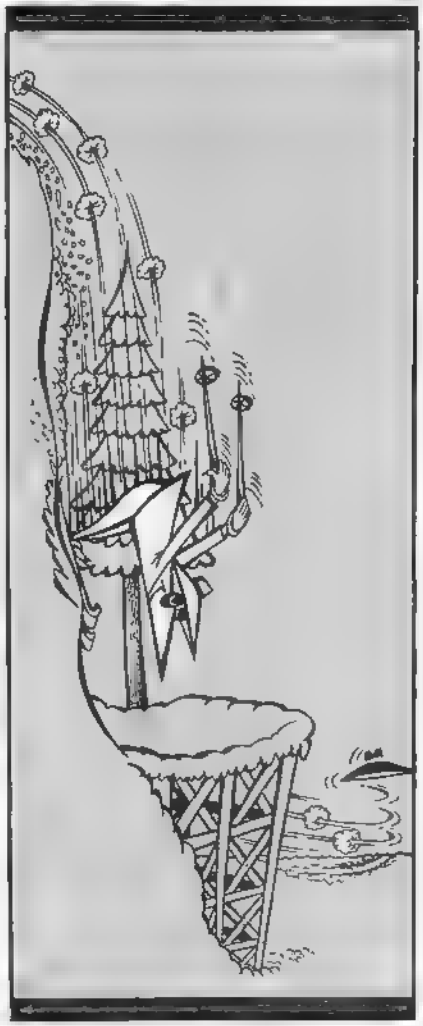
ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR.
WRITERS:
LARRY SIEGEL & FRANK JACOBS

THIS ISSUE—SPOTLIGHTING
**FT. WORTH TEXAS**



JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART II

# SPY VS SPY

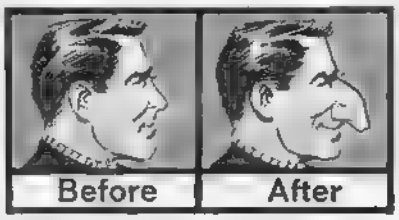


**SICK-SICK-SLICK DEPT.**

Here we go with another MAD suggestion to all the money-hungry publishers who want to cash in on the vast untapped audiences for today's "specialized magazines" —this one to appeal to the largest untapped audience of all. Why not put out . . .

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

## LET PLASTIC SURGERY FREE YOU FROM ANXIETIES




**Mr. R. L. writes . . .**

*"I used to have a beautiful straight nose that made me quite handsome. And this created great problems for me. Being afraid of girls, I would shudder whenever they flocked around me, making demands upon me that I knew I was unable to meet. When people stared at me, I felt as though I were deceiving them—looking bold and handsome on the outside but feeling small and ugly on the inside. I didn't want to be loved for my looks—but for my mind. After I had my nose fixed, all my problems disappeared. Also, all the girls disappeared. But at least I don't have the anxieties of having to live up to standards that were thrust upon me by a cruel trick of fate!"*

**Do as Mr. R. L. did . . .**

**CALL FOR AN APPOINTMENT TODAY!**

**STACEY INSTITUTE OF PLASTIC SURGEONS**

**"We Correct Nature's Mistakes!"**

## EMBARRASSED WHEN THE DOCTOR VISITS

**. . . because you don't *look* as sick as you feel!**

Ever call a doctor in the middle of the night because you were running **105°** fever? And when he finally came, were you terribly embarrassed because you didn't look very sick? Well, now you can avoid this problem with **CARVER'S LITTLE FEVER PILLS.** These scientific pills make you look as sick as you are, and give you the wonderful feeling that you were justified in calling a doctor to treat your raging fever. Take one pill for every degree of temperature over normal. For example: If you have **104.6°**, take **6** pills. We guarantee you'll look absolutely awful.

**CARVER'S LITTLE FEVER PILLS**


# THE INQUIRING neurotic

QUESTION: *Are you neurotic? (Asked of people stuck in an elevator between floors for two hours)*

### MR. ARAM PITTS *Advertising Executive*

No, you can rest assured that I am not neurotic. A neurotic is someone who cannot find the proper outlets for his anxieties, so he chain-smokes or over-eats or indulges too heavily in alcohol. I do none of these things. I merely keep calm by rolling these two steel balls in my hand.

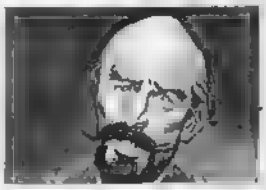
### MISS RITA COPLEY *Private Secretary*

I guess I *am* neurotic. I get depressed very often. And when I do, I say to myself, "This, too, shall pass!" But, unfortunately, it doesn't work too well. Because when it passes, and I'm feeling happy again, I also say to myself, "This, too, shall pass!"

### MR. LOUIS STRIKER *Taxi Cab Driver*

I ain't no neurotic, but there are plenty of weirdos running around loose. See dat guy over there pretending to mind his own business? *He's* one! I can tell by the way he's dressed—all Ivy League. I'll bet he thinks he's better than me. He probably hates me 'cause I'm different from him. Guys like dat should be put away. Anyone who hates a total stranger is sick.

### DR. WOLFGANG SCHMIDT *Psychiatrist*



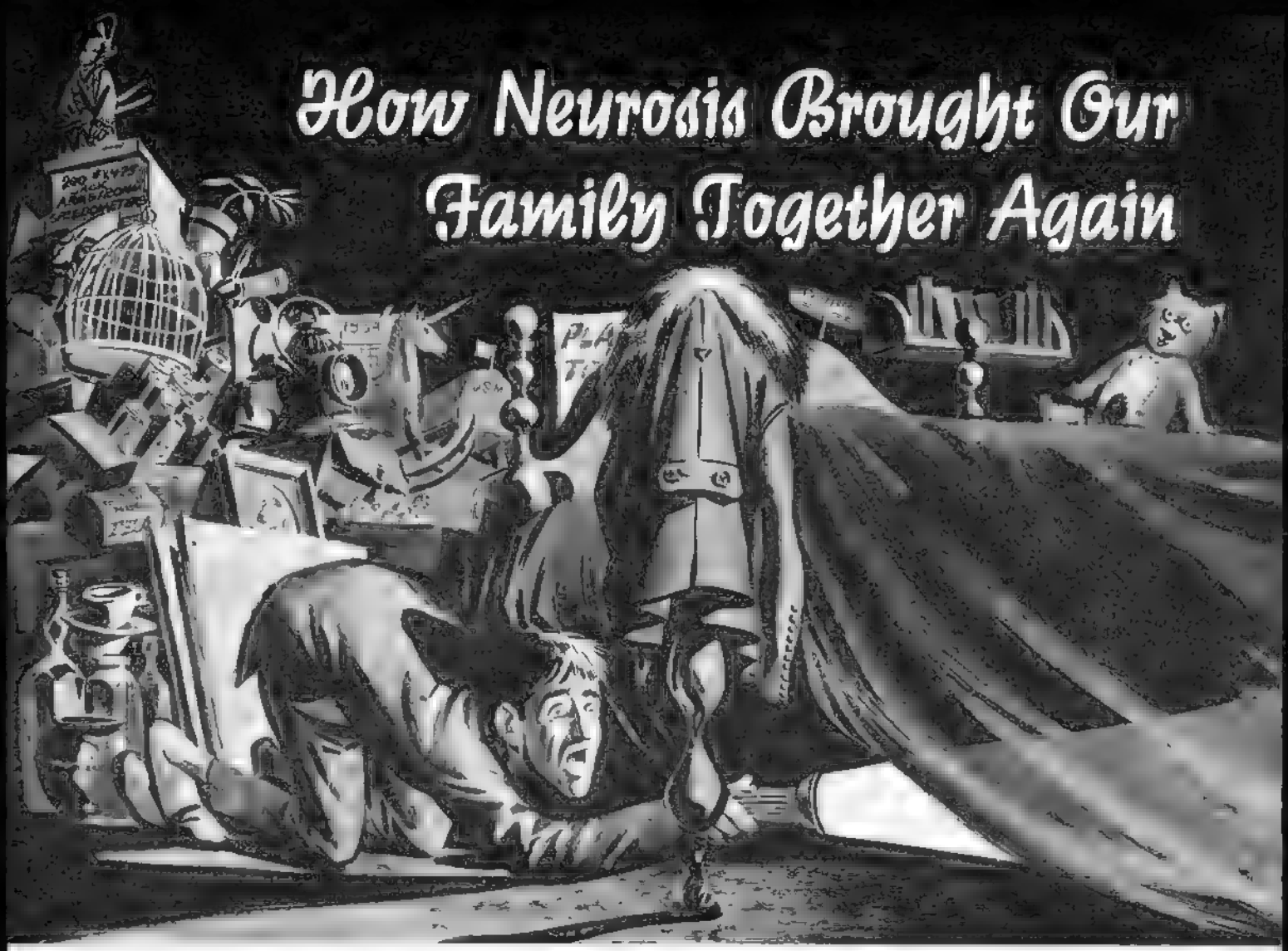
I am not neurotic, but some of my patients are. And then again, some are normal. It is difficult to classify a person in advance, so I have developed a system for determining if a patient of mine is neurotic or normal. If he gets better, he *was* neurotic. If he gets worse, he *was* normal.

### MISS MINERVA MINESTRONE *Maiden Aunt*

Oh—so you finally got around to asking *me!* Why am I always the last one? Why am I always the last in everything? Nobody cares about me, that's why! Everyone thinks he can abuse me because "good old Minerva" doesn't mind. Well, "good old Minerva" *does* mind! From now on, it's *me first!* UNDERSTAND!? I'M THROUGH BEING A DOORMAT FOR EVERYONE! I'M THROUGH BEING ABUSED! I'M THROUGH DOING . . .


NEUROTIC MAGAZINE is published monthly except during those months when we feel too depressed to work. There are no subscriptions, because if someone subscribed and didn't renew, we'd feel rejected and wouldn't want to go on. Please do not send unsolicited manuscripts, because if you do, we would feel a compulsion to use them rather than hurt your feelings by returning them. All letters should be addressed to "The Editor," but perhaps it would be best not to write at all since complimentary letters will make us suspect you want something, and criticism will only make us feel more inadequate.

# How Neurosis Brought Our Family Together Again



*by SEYMOUR MELMAC*

OH, WHAT FOND MEMORIES I cherish of those first months of our marriage. Velda and I were the perfect couple. We shared everything together—like our feelings of inadequacy and insecurity at cocktail parties when someone would mention an author we never heard of . . . or our feelings of persecution when the butcher or the druggist would over-charge us. And then there were those wonderful nights when we would lie awake, just making plans for escaping new situations, or discussing people who had rejected us during the day. It was a time that glowed with the warmth of our mutual unhappiness.

But as the months rolled by, Velda became restless. With me working, she had a lot of time on her hands. Time to conjure up her own neurotic fantasies. She soon developed a deep suspicion of people, and spent all day worrying that someone wanted to do her bodily harm. At first, I was glad that she had this preoccupation, since it gave her something to do and filled her day. But then, it got out of hand. Tragedy struck!

One day, I returned home from work to find Velda gone! A week passed and she did not return. I was desperate. I wanted to call her folks, but I didn't, for fear of upsetting them and having them hate me for bringing bad news.

After weeks of loneliness, I found that I, too, was falling prey to the same suspicions that had so cruelly victimized my wife. Suddenly, I, too, began to feel that someone was after me and wanted to do me bodily harm. Although I fought it, the feeling was too powerful. One night, I yielded to my fears. I double-locked the door, propped a chair against it, and nailed all the windows shut. Then I searched the apartment. After looking into every closet, I suddenly realized that the best place for an assassin to hide would be under the bed. I knelt down . . . and to my horror, I heard someone breathing!

Summoning all my courage, I looked. And I was shocked! There, under the bed, was Velda, my wife! She had been hiding there for two months. You can imagine the warm feeling that flowed through me when I realized that I had not been alone all that time. And to this day, I am still thankful for the neurosis that put Velda under the bed, and for mine that made me look. Now, it's almost like old times again. We lie awake at night, talking about the people who are taking advantage of us . . . as we hold hands through the bedsprings.

# The neurotic of the

**Each month, we show a day in the life of a person who best exemplifies the typical neurotic. This month, we applaud (but not too loudly, because we do not want to burden him with a feeling that he now has to live up to something):**

## Woodrow Reifschneider

### 8:00 A.M.

Every morning, for breakfast, Woodrow eats hot cereal. Actually, he loathes hot cereal . . . but his mother loves to baby him. Woodrow would like to tell his mother that he's a grown man, but he's afraid—because then she might expect him to act like one. So every day, he pretends to love hot cereal.

### 9:15 A.M.

One of the secretaries where Woodrow works appeals to him, but he's afraid to ask her for a date—because if she said "No!" he'd be so humiliated that he'd have to quit his job. And since he must support his mother, Woodrow compliments himself for not becoming involved in a "dangerous situation".

### 10:22 A.M.

During the morning, something happens to Woodrow to reinforce his feelings of persecution. Sent on an errand to a part of town he has never been in before, he steps on a glob of gum as he walks down a strange street. "How did they know I was going to walk on this street today?" he asks himself.

### 5:00 P.M.

When the pretty secretary leaves with the goofy mail room boy, Woodrow knows he was right in not asking her for a date. "If she can go out with a clod like that, she's not the kind of a girl to appreciate me!" He decides to call the bright girl he met at the library, but puts it off. "She's probably out tonight—and if she's not, why should I go out with someone so unpopular?"

### 6:30 P.M.

Woodrow's mother believes her son should start his dinner with something hot, and so she serves him some warmed-over oatmeal from his breakfast—knowing how very much Woodrow seemed to enjoy it that morning.

### 11:15 P.M.

Before going to sleep for the night, Woodrow watches the "Late Movie." He really hates the idiotic commercials that keep interrupting the movie, but he feels too guilty to ignore them. "Gee," he tells himself, "companies pay lots of money to put their ads on TV. The least I can do is watch them!"

# MONTH

12:44 P.M.

At lunch, which he always eats alone, Woodrow summons up all his courage and actually decides to add up the check. To his horror, he finds that the waiter made a mistake in addition and has overcharged him $2. Naturally he doesn't say anything about it . . . since Woodrow hates unpleasant scenes.

1:00 A.M.

In bed, Woodrow visualizes himself in a courtroom being cross-examined by the shrewdest lawyer in the country. With brilliant, rapier-like remarks, Woodrow cuts him dead time and again, making the lawyer look the fool. The smile on Woodrow's face is reassuring to his mother when she tucks him in.

# *Ask Doctor Jungblood*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

I have a terrible compulsion to answer the phone whenever it rings, but I also have a terrible fear that it might be bad news—especially when it rings after 10:00 P.M. What do you suggest?

Dorothy Longo
Ypsilanti, Mich.

*Dear Dotty:*

*Try this: Next time the phone rings, say, "The number you have called has been temporarily disconnected—this is a recording!" The party will hang up without telling you the bad news he probably called you about. In fact, now he'll start worrying about why your phone has been temporarily disconnected.*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

I am a teenager. I keep my room spotlessly clean and neat, I never stay out past my curfew on a date, and I always obey my mother immediately whenever she asks me to do something. Yet she is constantly yelling and screaming at me. What can I do? It's terrible living with a neurotic!

Selma Frum
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Dear Selma:*

*Yes, Selma, it is terrible living with a neurotic! No wonder your mother is constantly yelling and screaming at you! Why not try acting like a **normal** teenager for a change.*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

Every time I go out to dinner or a movie, I always become tense and anxious as the evening ends. But when I say, "It's been a lovely evening, please don't spoil it!", my husband always gets angry. What should I do?

Faye Welch
Boston, Mass.

*Dear Faye:*

*Actually, it's not your probelm. It's your husband's problem. After all these years, he still does not seem to realize that you're just not that type of girl!*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

I am mortally afraid of mice. Last week at a party, I saw a mouse and I jumped on a chair and pulled my dress over my head. Do you think I have a problem?

Irving Blintz
Chicago, Ill.

*Dear Irving:*

*You have no problem that I can see, and you should not concern yourself. It is perfectly normal of **any** boy who wears a dress to be afraid of mice!*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

Every time my mother and father go out, I worry that they will forget me and never come back home. This fear is not something new with me—I've had it for the past thirty-five years.

Paul Klotz
San Francisco, Cal.

*Dear Paul:*

*I am surprised that a man of your age should have such a problem. You should know by now that Mummy and Daddy would never do a thing like that!*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

I am a teenager. Last week I went to a party wearing patched dungarees, a torn sweatshirt and old sneakers. When I came in, I thought I heard some of the kids laughing at me. Do you think they were laughing at the way I looked, or am I over-sensitive?

Susan Leigh
Merrick, N. Y.

*Dear Susan:*

*Yes, they were probably laughing at the way you looked. No one comes dressed formal to a teenage party.*

Dear Dr. Jungblood:

I am a 67-year-old spinster living alone in New York City. Every day I see men eyeing women and read about attackers on the prowl. Should I get a double lock and bolt for my door, or would that be too neurotic?

Hortense Freep
New York City

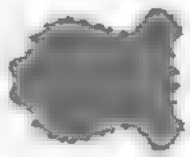
*Dear Hortense:*

*By all means, fix your door. And when you come home at night, make sure your door is double locked and bolted from the inside. This is not neurotic. If there's an assailant in your apartment, it'll make it tougher for him to get out.*

# ALONG THE PSYCHO PATH

by TRAUMA TISHMAN

Frieda Maltz became a kleptomaniac because she craved love and needed to be wanted. Now she is—by police in three states . . . Rickie Hall is showing improvement. He no longer argues with recorded telephone messages . . . Rita Samuels reports that her therapy group is planning a theater party to raise money so they can buy identical jackets . . . And talking about psychiatry—actor Bill Burner, who was so promising in those romantic "leading man" parts, but was afraid to face an audience, has just completed his therapy. Now he's too old to play romantic "leading man" parts . . . Want a good rainy day activity? Just sit down and start thinking of all the things you should feel guilty about! DEPARTMENT OF SHOCKING NEWS: After 42 years, Ellen and Bill Quinlin have decided on a trial separation. Ellen is Bill's mother. Friends say it won't last, though. If you have a minute to spare, drop a sympathy card to hypochondriac Irv Zinn. Seems Irv went to the doctor recently and got a clean bill of health . . . Frank Allen's on his way toward conquering his inordinate fear of flying. He now talks out his problem with his co-pilot on their daily N. Y.-to-Washington TWA flights . . . Bob Drubman quit his job because he didn't get that raise. "I knew that cheapskate boss wouldn't give me a raise," he told us, "so I didn't even *ask* him!"



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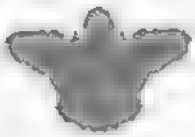
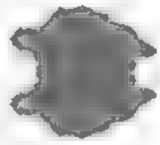
**Rumor has it that Phil Garten suffered terrible feelings of rejection when he didn't make his school basketball team. Too bad for Phil—he's got enough problems just being a midget . . . Len Brown is broken-hearted because his brother won't make up and shake hands with him. Len's a compulsive nose-picker . . . If you have nothing to do, you might spend some evening wondering if your phone is being tapped—and who would want to do such a thing—and why? Then you can start worrying about what they've got on you so far! ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL DEPARTMENT: Louise Sugerman wanted to invite her neighbors, the Gribbleys, to a dinner party—which meant she'd also have to invite her other neighbors, the Judds, so they wouldn't feel insulted. But the Judds were good friends of Louise's cousins and they'd hear about it so she'd have to invite them—which meant inviting the rest of her cousins—also her uncles and aunts—and she could not have the whole family without inviting her sister and brother-in-law. So she was delighted to get out of the uncomfortable situation by coming down with double pneumonia. . . . Also greatly relieved was mailroom clerk Albie Knadel, whose boss frowns on gambling. Albie just learned that he didn't win the Irish Sweepstakes again this year. Herman Mushgum, who has a fetish about always being right actually admitted he erred once in his life—about ten years ago, when he said "No one is perfect!". . . Hope that Arthur and Rose Blitz enjoy their vacation in Maine. The Blitz's were headed for Connecticut, but got lost—and Arthur hates to impose on anyone by asking for directions. HATS OFF DEPARTMENT: Hats off to the parents of Little Leaguers who are giving their children things they never had, like feelings of rejection and inadequacy. . . .**



* * * * * *

Hats off to Oscar Levant for not hiding it, but being proud of his neurosis, and appearing on nationwide television programs like "The Jack Paar Show" to prove that neurotics are as good as the next person—except maybe at lighting cigarettes . . . Hats off to Jack Paar for his ability to see the humor inherent in people with neurotic problems. How many times have each of us wanted to make fun of people with neuroses, but didn't because we haven't the courage of Mr. Paar . . . Hats off to Barry Goldwater for not being afraid to say what he feels, whether it makes sense or not. Next time you feel you haven't the right to your ill-founded opinions, think of this brave man . . . Pity poor Mrs. Fanny Fishman who for years couldn't find anyone good enough to marry her daughter. Now Fanny can't find anyone *old* enough to marry her daughter . . . Ken Bagel, who never joined in conversations for fear people would laugh at his stuttering finally took speech lessons. Now people who hear him talk for the first time are amazed. They never guessed he was so stupid. In closing, let me paraphrase the wise words of the great Garry Moore: "Be very kind to each other—and pray they'll be very kind to *you!*"



# NEUROTIC CLASSIFIED ADS

## HELP WANTED

**SLEEP-IN PSYCHIATRIST,** for large sick family. Own room, TV, every Thursday and every other Sunday off. Light cleaning. No cooking. $450 per week or by the hour. Box 66.

**BUMBLING INEFFECTIVE IDIOT ASSISTANT,** wanted by Executive of successful firm to replace my son who finally told me off and quit. I need someone I can scream at and blame for my own inadequacies. Box 48.

## FOR SALE

**BACK DATE CALENDARS.** We have calendars from 1910 to 1963. Relive your good year. Send $1.00 to "That Wonderful Year Calendar Company," Oshkosh, Ill.

**STRING.** I have thousands and thousands of miles of string which I have collected over the years. My whole house is filled with string. Imminent death in family, mainly my own from strangulation, forces me to sell Write Box 52.

## REAL ESTATE

**ROOM TO RENT.** I am looking for a young woman with tremendous hostility toward older people, who resents suggestions of any kind, and throws temper tantrums regularly. My daughter was married recently, and I miss having her around the house. Box 92.

## PERSONAL

**ALVIN,** my darling son, please come home. I love you very much, and I'm worried sick about you. I cannot live without you. Please return. You've been gone all afternoon. Your loving Mother.

**ALVIN,** keep on going. I haven't received so much attention since the day you were born and I love it. Your jealous Dad.

## SITUATION WANTED

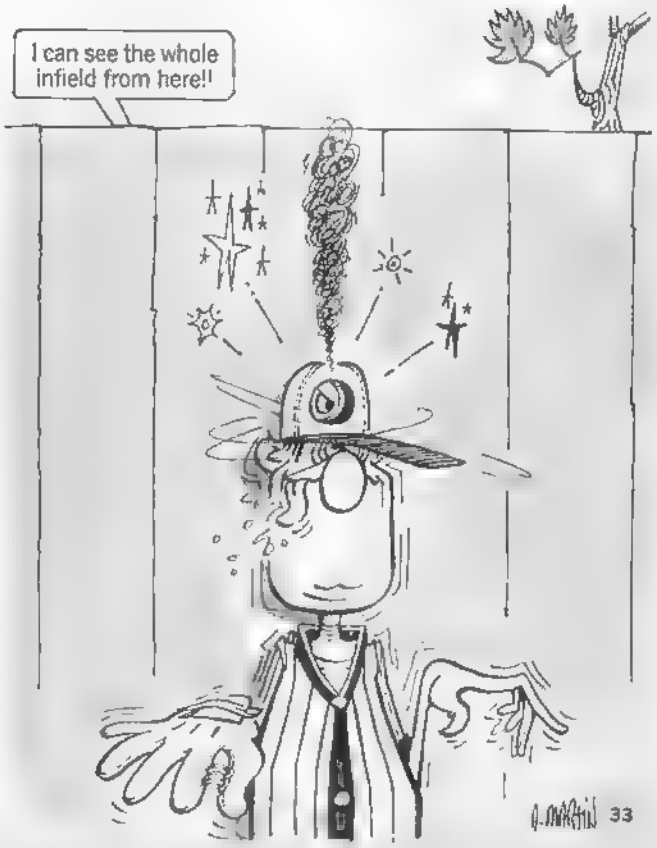
**SLIGHTLY DISTURBED YOUNG MAN** seeks position with local firm. Willing to start at the bottom, where you will probably keep me and exploit me until I crack up from exhaustion because I know your type. Box 77.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**MAKE MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME.** Sell greeting cards to your friends. If they're as neurotic as you, they'll rather die than refuse. Write Imposition Sales, Yonkers, N. Y.

**STAMPS, COINS, ROCKS AND OTHER COLLECTORS' ITEMS.** We have a complete line of Hobby materials. Why face the real world and its real problems when you can bury yourself in some all-consuming hobby and thereby escape reality? Write for free catalogue. OSTRICH ENTERPRISES, Box 19.

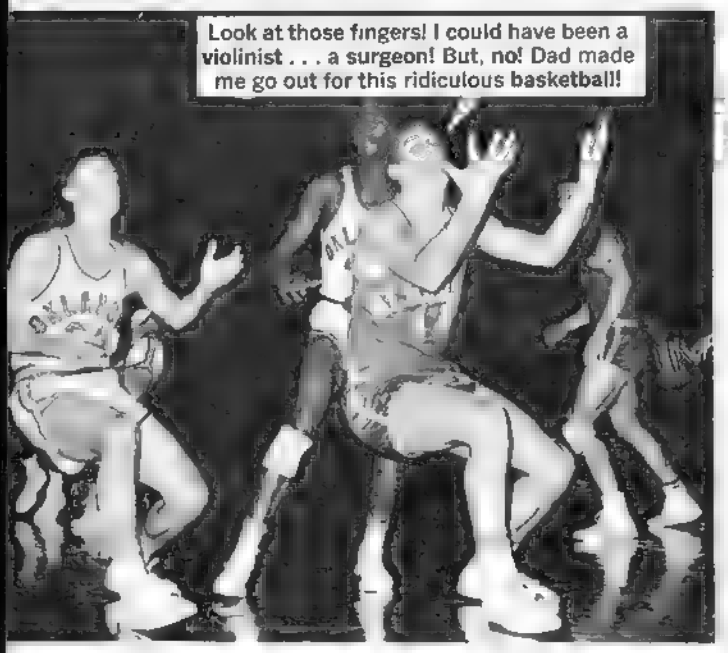
# THE SPECTATOR

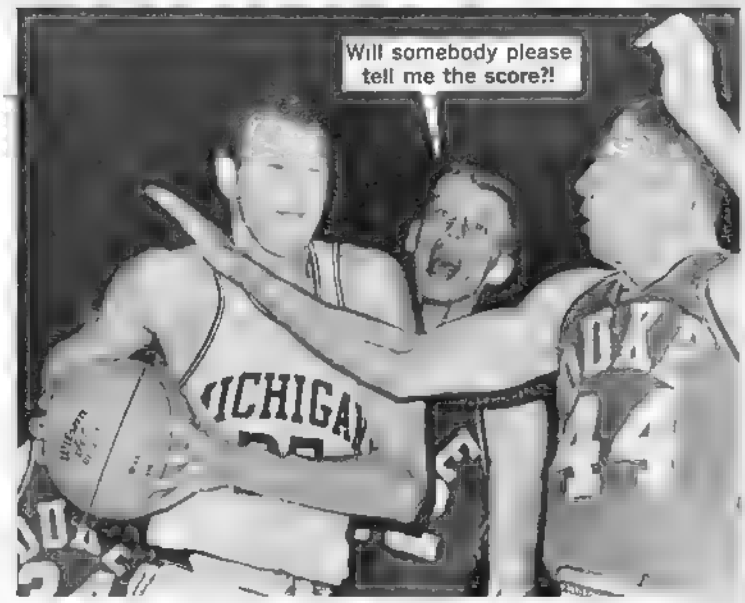


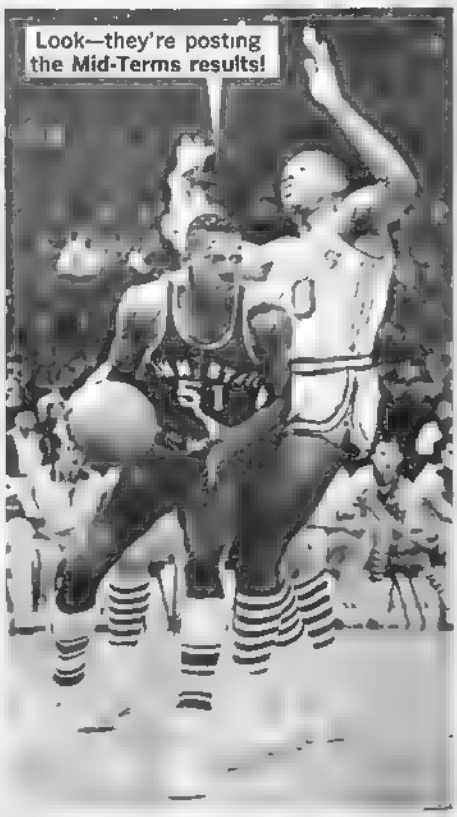
COURT JESTING DEPT.

**Here we go again with MAD's little game which consists of taking typical action sports shots—like the kind we've been subjected to in newspapers and magazines—and captioning them with appropriate idiotic remarks. Like f'rinstance these .....**

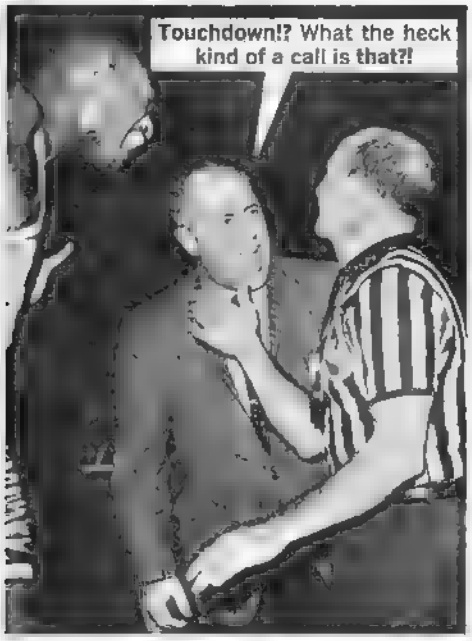
# BASKETBALL

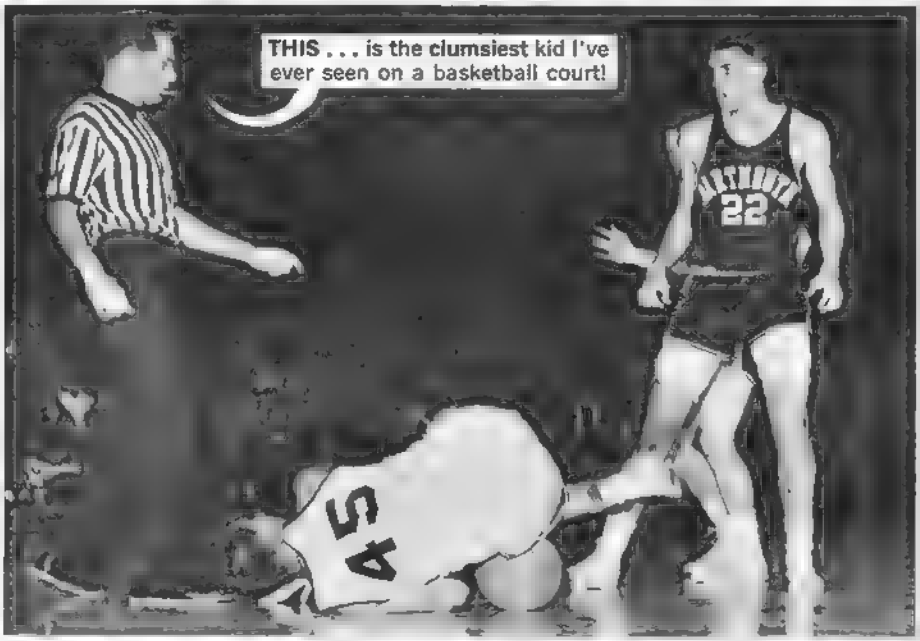


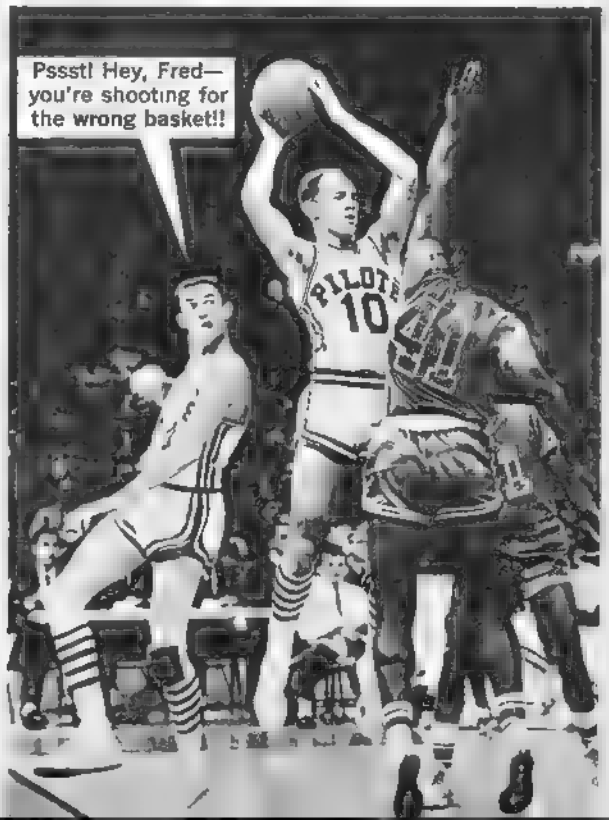





# FOTO-PLAYS





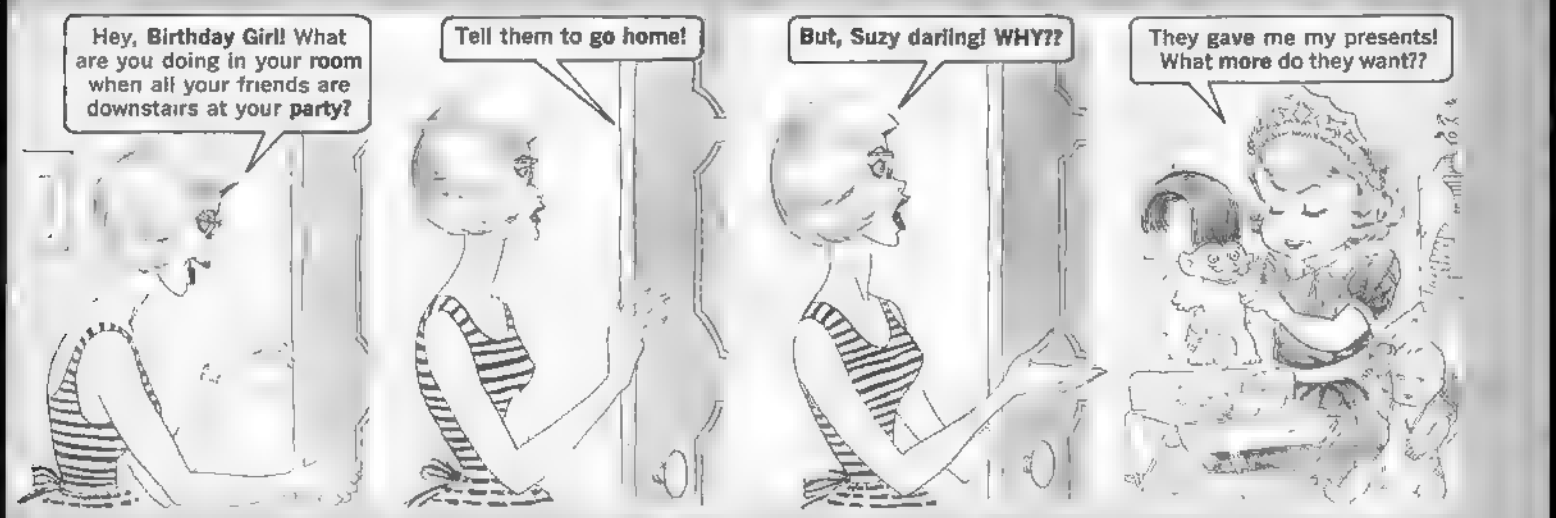

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

PHOTOS BY W DE WORLD AND U.P.I.

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

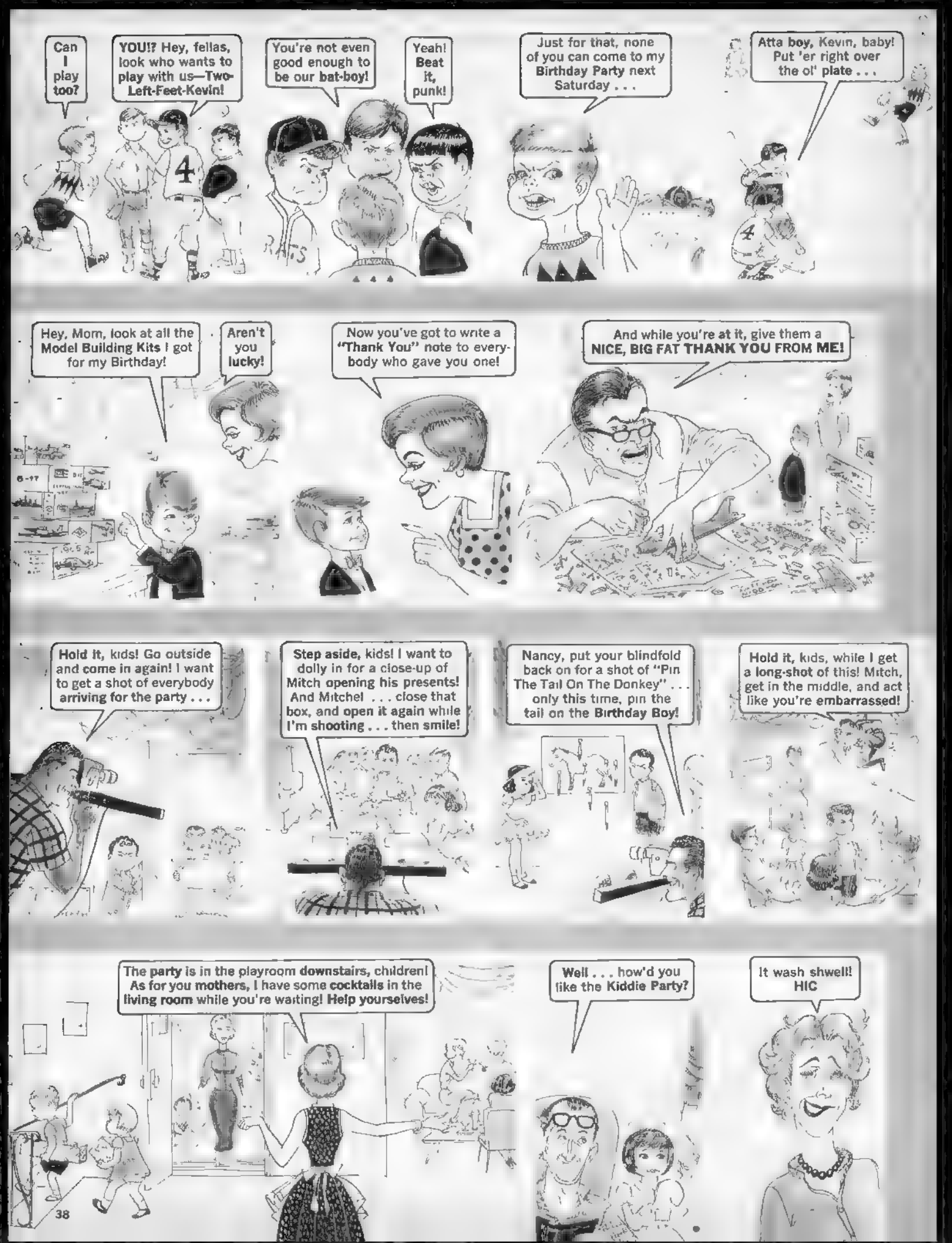
**Here we go with the third and last installment of "Parties"—which included "Adult Parties" and "Teenage Parties"! Mainly, here is . . .**

# THE LIGHTER SIDE OF



# kids' parties

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG


Can I play too?
YOU!? Hey, fellas, look who wants to play with us—Two-Left-Feet-Kevin!
You're not even good enough to be our bat-boy!
Yeah! Beat it, punk!
Just for that, none of you can come to my Birthday Party next Saturday . . .
Atta boy, Kevin, baby! Put 'er right over the ol' plate . . .
Hey, Mom, look at all the Model Building Kits I got for my Birthday!
Aren't you lucky!
Now you've got to write a "Thank You" note to everybody who gave you one!
And while you're at it, give them a NICE, BIG FAT THANK YOU FROM ME!
Hold it, kids! Go outside and come in again! I want to get a shot of everybody arriving for the party . . .
Step aside, kids! I want to dolly in for a close-up of Mitch opening his presents! And Mitchel . . . close that box, and open it again while I'm shooting . . . then smile!
Nancy, put your blindfold back on for a shot of "Pin The Tail On The Donkey" . . . only this time, pin the tail on the Birthday Boy!
Hold it, kids, while I get a long-shot of this! Mitch, get in the middle, and act like you're embarrassed!
The party is in the playroom downstairs, children! As for you mothers, I have some cocktails in the living room while you're waiting! Help yourselves!
Well . . . how'd you like the Kiddie Party?
It wash shwell! HIC

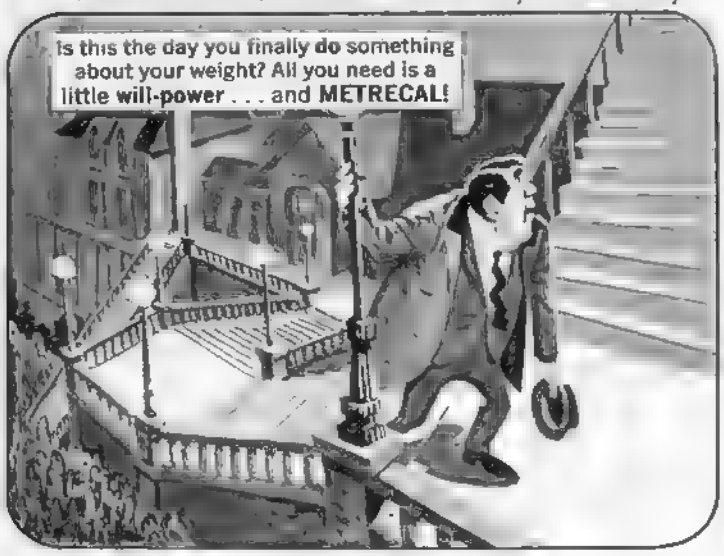
Here he comes!!
Remember, children . . . when Kenny comes in, we all yell, "Surprise!!"
I can't wait to see his face!
SURPRISE!!
WAAA!
How do you like the nerve of that Betty's mother—calling at the last minute to invite you to Betty's party!
So what!? I can be dressed in 15 minutes, and while you're driving me over, we can stop at the toy store for a present!
Not on your life! Don't you have any pride? This is an insult! Who does she think she is, anyway?
There are any number of good explanations! It was probably an oversight!
Oversight, my foot! You're not going, and that's final! And what's more, I'm never going to talk to that woman again!
Oh, Mom . . . please don't make a thing out of it!
What do you know?! You wouldn't understand! You're just a little girl, and I'm a grown up lady!!
All right, Mitchel! Make a wish, and blow out the candles!
Hold it! Lemme get a good tight shot of this!
Watch it, kids, you're jiggling the camera! HEY . . . WATCH IT!!
CRASH!
Well, what do you know!? I got my wish!
Hello, Aunt Shirley . . .
HELLO, AUNT SHIRLEY!
I want to thank you for the birthday present you sent me!
I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THE BIRTHDAY PRESENT YOU SENT ME!
The T-Shirts and Underwear are just what I needed! I can't wait to wear them! Thank you very much!
THE T-SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR ARE JUST WHAT I NEEDED! I CAN'T WAIT TO WEAR THEM! THANK YOU VERY MUCH!
TELL YOUR MOTHER SHE'S WELCOME!

**NO SALE DEPT.**

When a company advertises on television, it pays a rate based on the number of idiots who are likely to see the commercial. Which seems pretty stupid to us. The rate should be based on the number of idiots who are likely to see the commercial AND are also likely to *buy* the product! Mainly because some advertisers are squandering fortunes to bring their messages to the wrong people. Just look at these . . .

# TV COMMERCIALS.

How about this familiar message—aimed at the people who are concerned about the amount of food they consume daily?

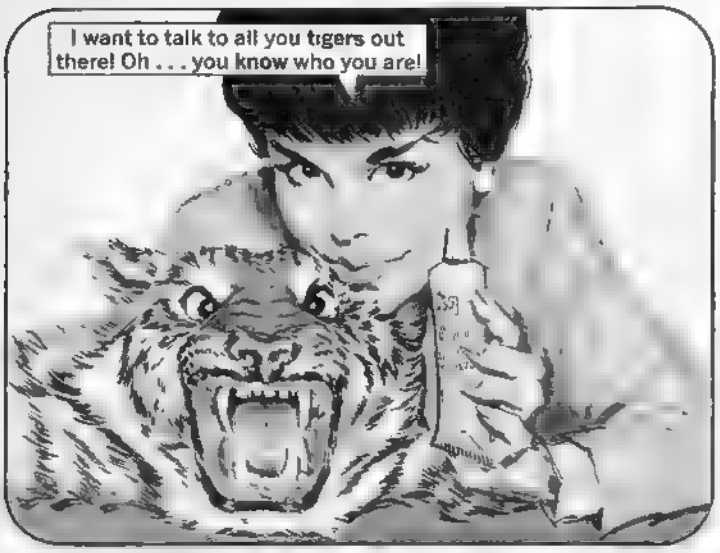



It's wasted on the folks who live in Appalachia who really are concerned about the amount of food they consume daily!

Many men are interested in the Stainless Steel Razor Derby:

Many, that is . . . but not all . . .

Here is a commercial that features an alluring girl with a sexy voice—appealing to the male vanity. How can it miss?




Ahh, but it can . . . by a mile!

# . . AND SOME FOLKS WHO COULDN'T CARE LESS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: STAN HART

This summertime commercial might have meaning for some...

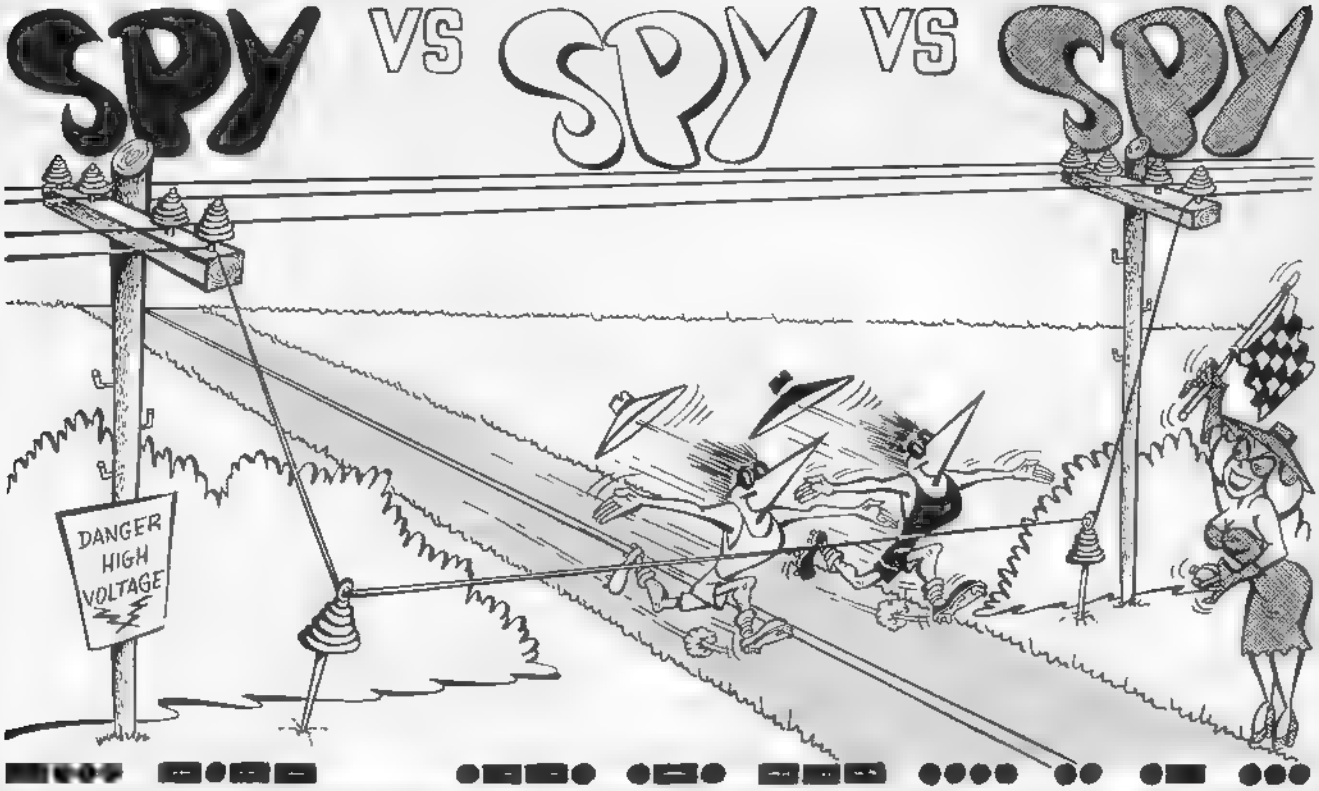
. . . but there are others upon whom it is completely lost!

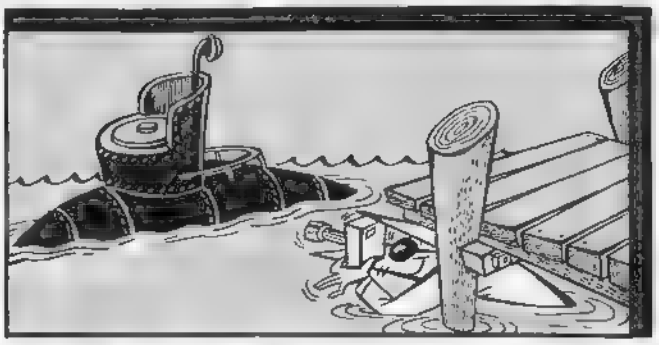
This late-night ad is directed at people with a problem:

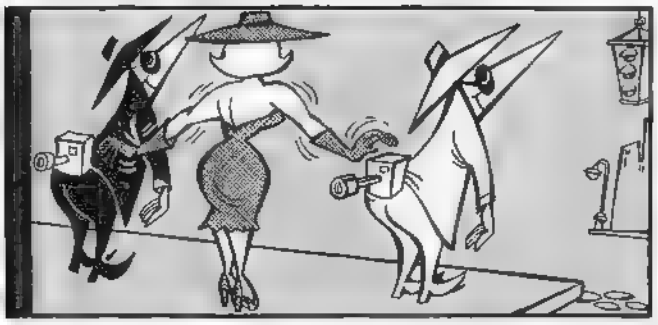
However, after watching a full night of moronic, dull TV commercials, the average person never even sees this ad!

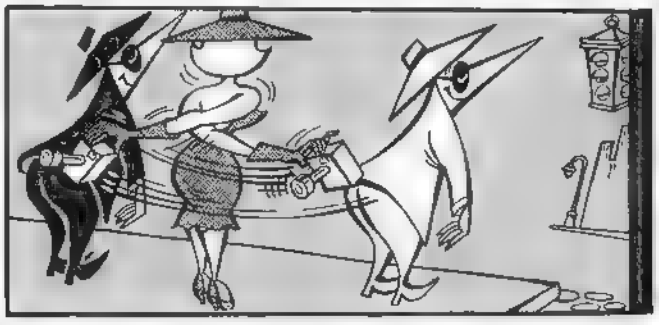
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART III

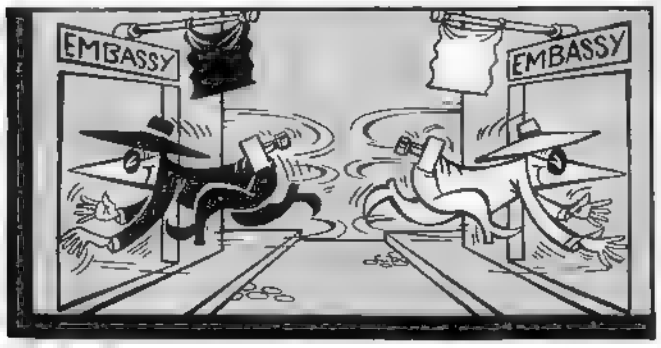
# SPY VS SPY VS SPY





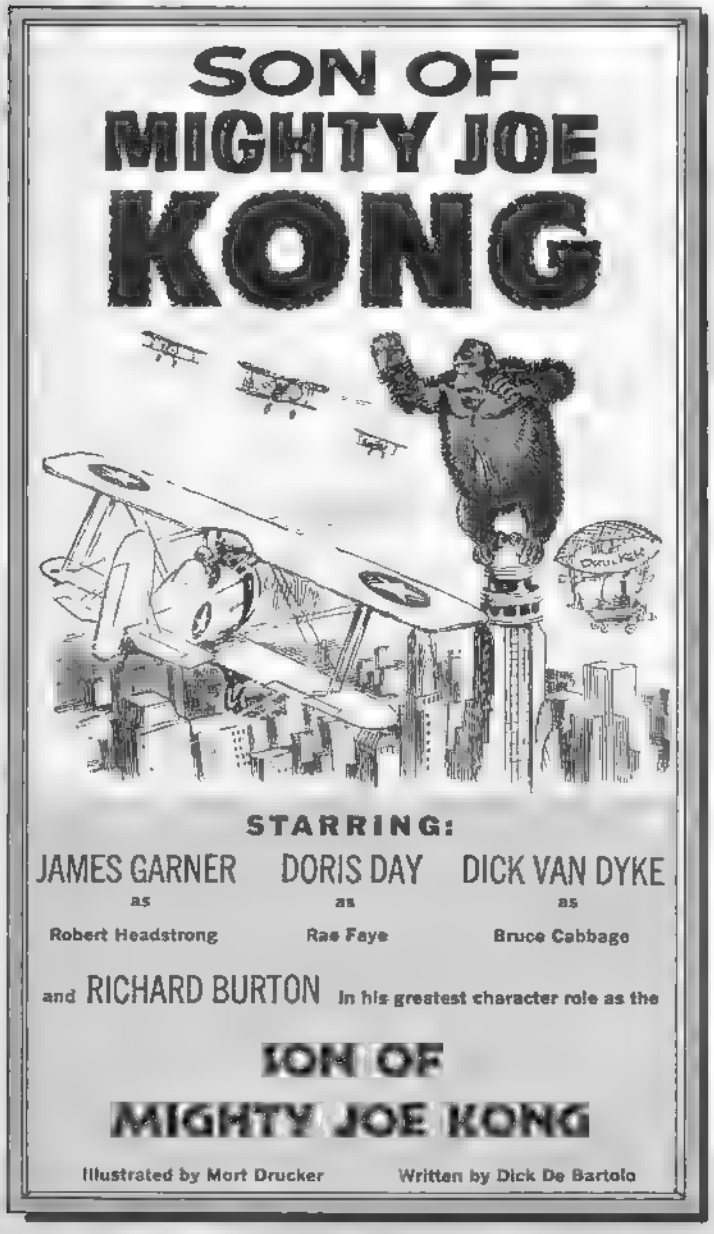




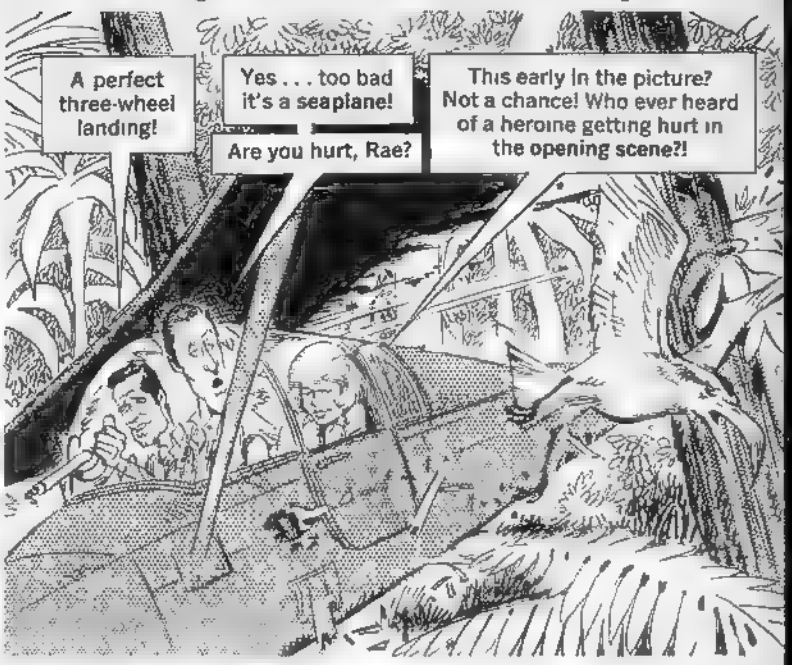


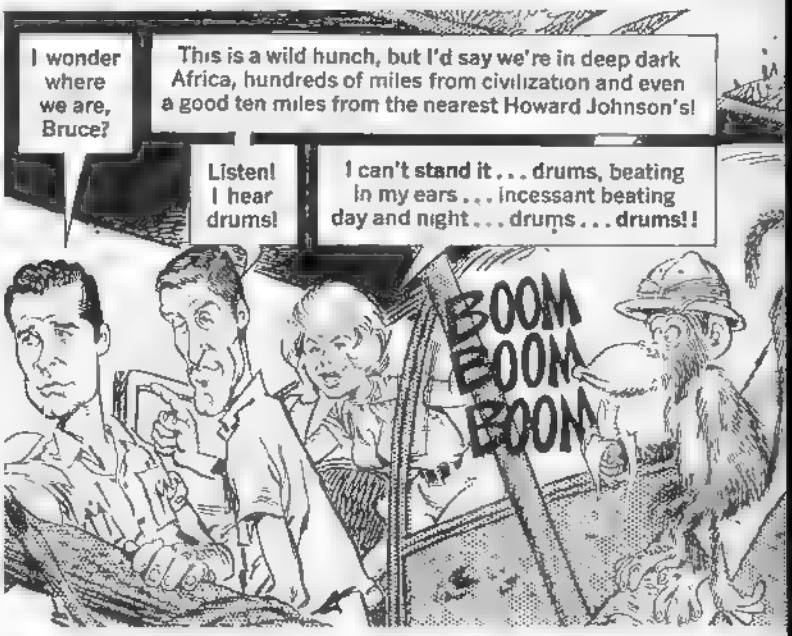
## WHAT TIME DOES THE BABOON GO UP? DEPT.

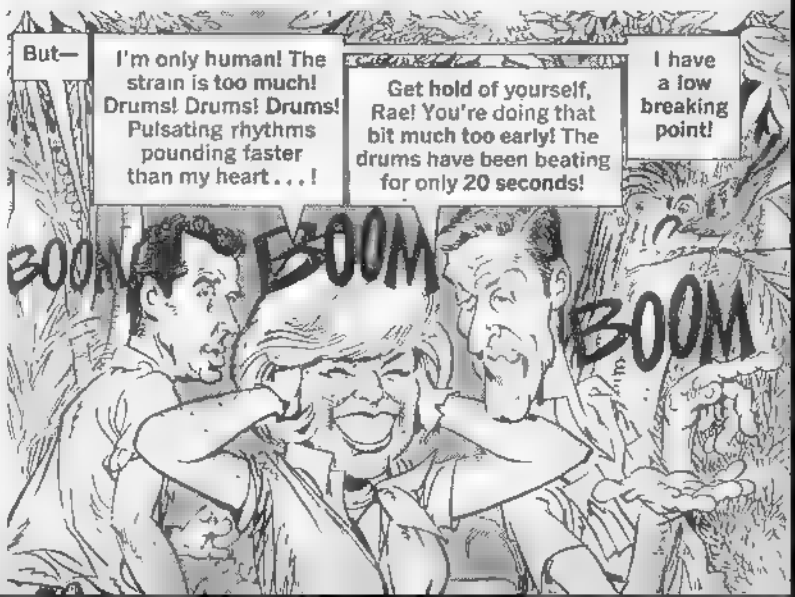
Nowadays, when you go to the movies, you see sickness, violence, murder . . . and that's only the cartoon! Films today have deep psychological meanings and shock endings. What ever happened to all the good old movies where you knew the ending long before you entered the theater, but you sat there engrossed, anyway? Today, when Hollywood speaks of *"monster"* movies, they mean anything starring Tuesday Weld. In the good old days, when they spoke of *"monster"* movies, they meant such great flicks as "King Kong," "Son of Kong" and "Mighty Joe Young." And so, in an attempt to bring back the good old days, MAD proudly presents:




Deep dark Africa . . . hundreds of miles from civilization . . . and even a good ten miles from the nearest Howard Johnson's!



The drums are coming from over here behind these tall weeds! Let's peek!!

Eee-gads! Savages performing pagan rituals handed down through the centuries!

*Did you ever see a lassie . . . Go this way and that way? Did you ever see a lassie . . Go this way and that . ??*

This is dangerous territory we're in, Rae! I'm sorry we got you—a woman—involved! Your place is at home where it's safe and warm and . . .

I can do anything you men can do! So don't think of me as a woman! Think of me as . . . a very sexy man!

The next morning . . .

All right, Rae! We believe you can do anything we men can do! But . . . shaving is ridiculous!!

Which one of you guys has my after-shave?

Enough of this, Bob! We've got to figure a way to get out of this terrible place!

Any chance of repairing the plane?

The plane is smashed beyond hope! The radio is dead! The distress flares are water-logged! The maps and charts are burned! And our emergency food rations are rotten!

Listen . . . as long as you have your health!

CLUNK

WHOOOSH

What was that?

It's either an ad for Wrigley's Spearmint Gum . . . or we got big troubles!!

BONNNGG

What was THAT??

TELEPH

BONNNNNGGG

There it is again!

Twice!? That can mean only one thing . . . It's two o'clock!!

ROARRRR

Two o'clock, nothing! I'm taking a wild guess, but I'll bet that was the signal calling for the legendary giant ape SON OF MIGHTY JOE KONG!!

It's either that, or this movie will have to have a different title!

ROARRR

The sound is getting closer!

I'm scared!

Scared?! Pull yourself together! Are you a very sexy man . . . or are you a mouse?!

Good Lord, look!! It's an ape at least forty feet tall!! And that's without shoes!

Outside of Jayne Mansfield, that's the most awesome sight I have ever seen!

People would pay a fortune to see this beast! If only we could get him back to the States!

But how?

We could give him a tranquilizer!

How can you give a giant ape a tranquilizer?

In a glass of water??

I've got a better idea! I'll read to him from this copy of the "Reader's Digest"! That always puts me to sleep!

I've got an even better idea! I once sent away for one of those "Learn Hypnotism" courses, and . .

ZZZZZZ

Never mind! Our problem is solved! This dull dialogue put him to sleep!

Next stop— New York!!

One month later . . . on bustling Broadway, in New York . . .

OPENING TONIGHT!
RAE FAYE
and her
GIANT APE
See The Eighth Wonder Of The World!

NO PARKING

I know it's a little unusual for someone to order a size 1000 tuxedo, but get it over here immediately! And I also need a pair of cuff-links about two feet in diameter! Hurry! Good-bye!!

Does the beast have everything down pat?

Yes, Rae knows every step—

Not her!! The APE!!

Yes, but I think you're pushing that ape too far—rehearsing him day and night—making him wear silly hats—giving him dancing lessons . . .

I send him flowers every day! What more can I do?

Five minutes! Five minutes to the opening—

Gentlemen! A fanfare please . . .

RAT TAT TAT

Those drums! Those incessant drums—beating, beating!!

Enough is enough, already, Rae! Now you and Kong go out there and stamp your way into the hearts of that audience . . .

. . . while we pray that the stage doesn't collapse!

RAT TAT TAT

*Just me and my shadow strolling down the avenue*
*Me and my shadow all alone and feeling blue* *

Great!

That ape certainly knows how to ape!

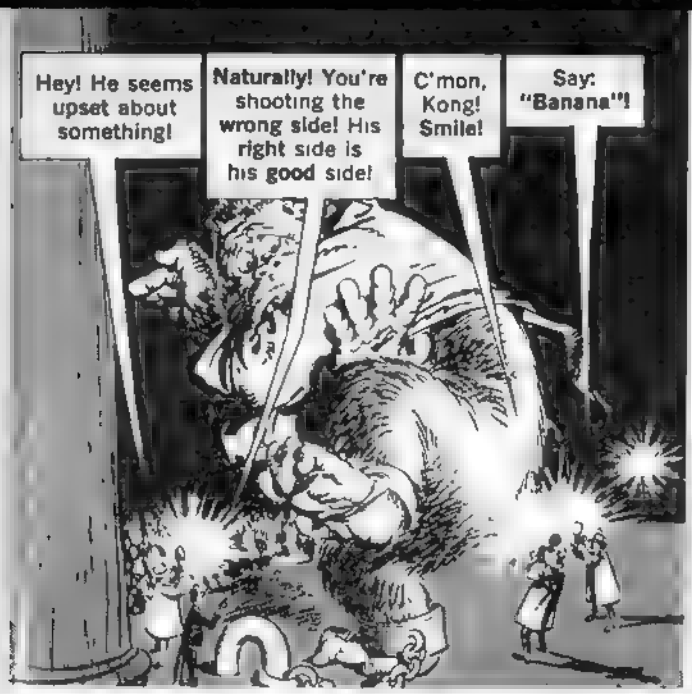
Sensational!

Best 40-foot dancing ape I ever saw!

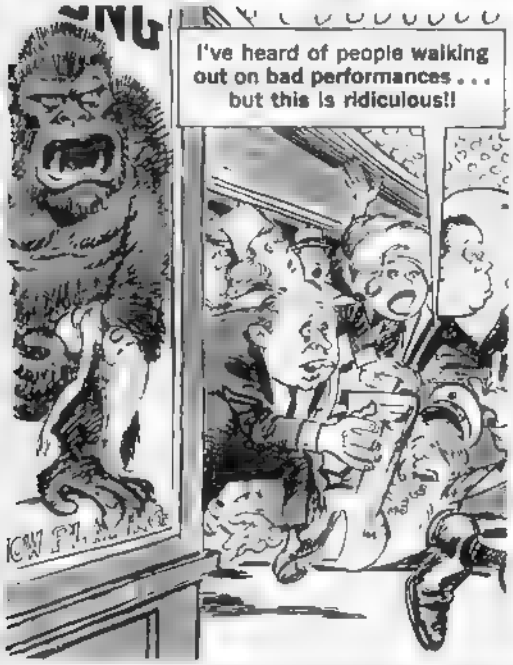
* ME AND MY SHADOW © 1927 BY SOURBE INC

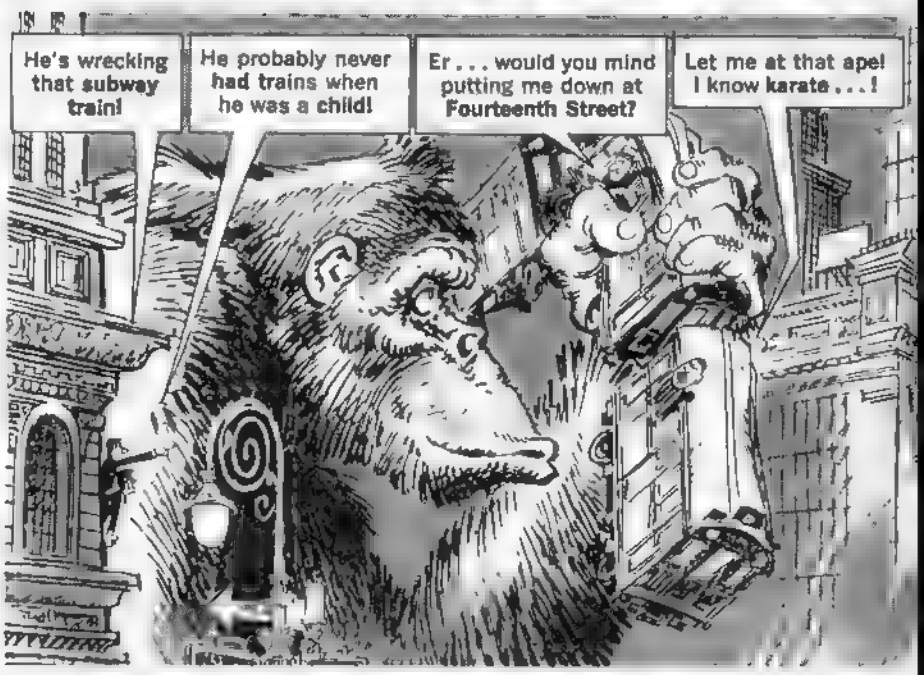
Mr. Headstrong! How about going onstage and getting some shots of Rae and the ape while they're performing!

Okay! Rae is the one without the chains!


Hey! He seems upset about something!
Naturally! You're shooting the wrong side! His right side is his good side!
C'mon, Kong! Smile!
Say: "Banana"!

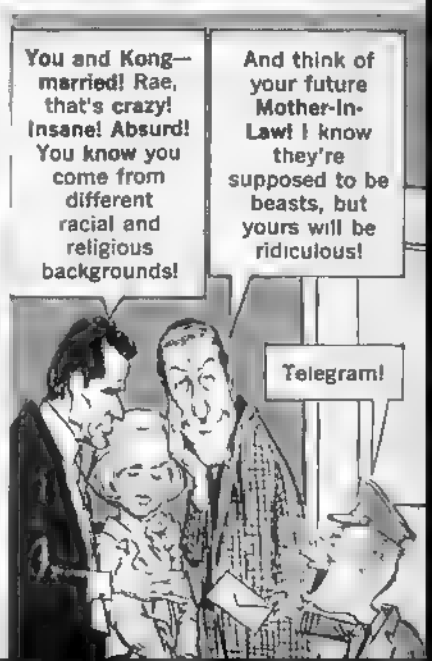
Those flash bulbs are driving him crazy! He's breaking loose!!
Quick! Get Kong's contract! I'm sure it doesn't have an Escape Clause . . .


I've heard of people walking out on bad performances . . . but this is ridiculous!!


He's wrecking that subway train!
He probably never had trains when he was a child!
Er . . . would you mind putting me down at Fourteenth Street?
Let me at that ape! I know karate . . . !

Any word from Kong?
Nothing! Not even the decency of a phone call!
Rae! You're crying!
And what are you doing with that Hula Hoop?

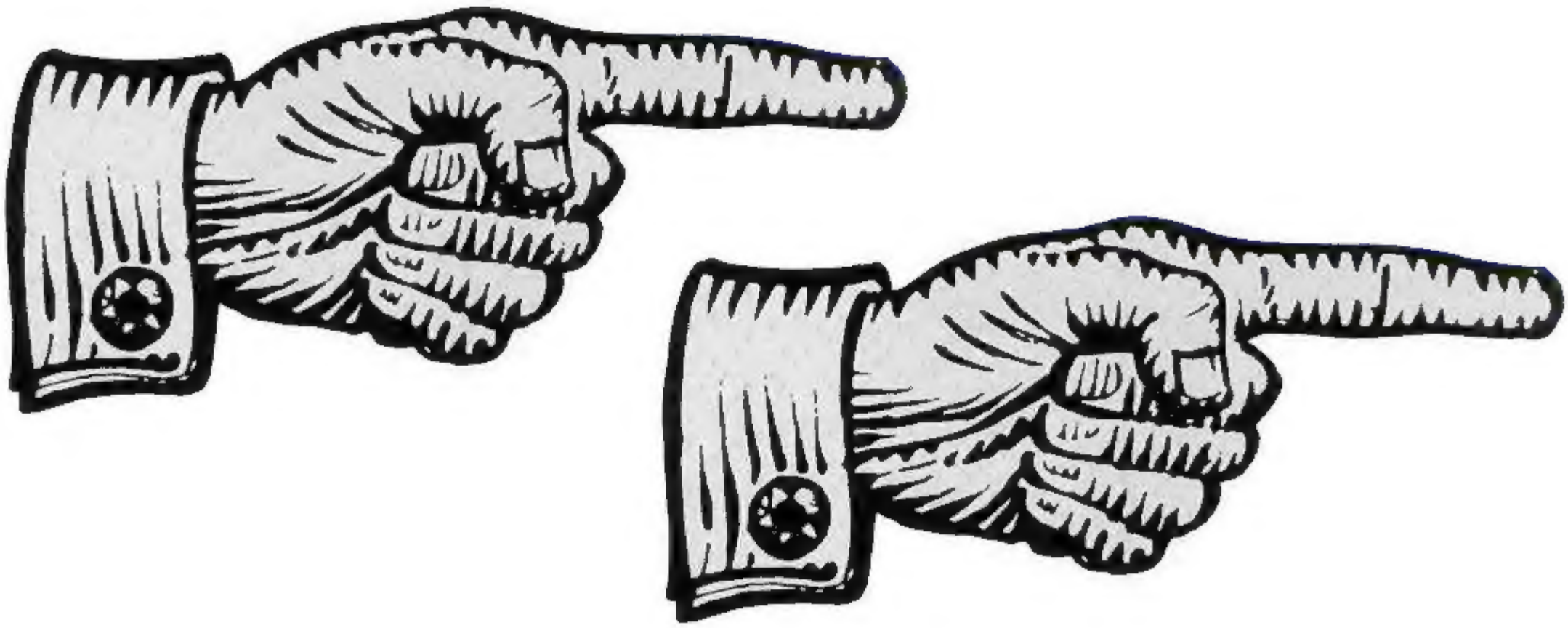
That's no Hula-Hoop! It's a Wedding Band! For —sob— KONG!!
For KONG!?
Yes, I'm in love with him! I was going to ask him to marry me!


You and Kong—married! Rae, that's crazy! Insane! Absurd! You know you come from different racial and religious backgrounds!
And think of your future Mother-In-Law! I know they're supposed to be beasts, but yours will be ridiculous!
Telegram!

It's from Kong!! It says . . .
"Dear Rae, Bob and Bruce: New York is not for me! I'm heading for that place where I can run wild and free, unchained and unnoticed, where there are no laws and no customs to keep me tied down. Yes, I'm heading for that savage, dog-eat-dog land, Hollywood, California!"
Signed: "M. J. K."!
Well, Rae, that ape sure made a monkey out of you! . . . Rae? RAE?
She left! Losing Kong was more than she could bare!
You mean more than she could ape!
Bruce! Look up there! It's Rae! She's climbed out onto the roof of the tower!
That crazy kid! She's going to kill herself! How can we get her down?
We could hire a few World War I airplanes, and shoot her down!
Shoot her down!? Are you crazy?! That's too dangerous! One miss with a bullet and we'll have a leak in the roof!!
Golly, gee, that's a familiar face! Where have I seen it before? Bombay? London? Grossingers?
It's Kong! He's the only one who can save Rae!!
Kong, listen . . . Rae has gone up on the tower roof! She's going to jump! If you have any love in your big ape heart for her, you'll catch her! That's it! Cup your hands . . .
Oh, Mr. Kong! I saw you in your Broadway debut, and you were simply wonderful!!
Are you planning to write a book?
How does it feel to be a brand new star with such a promising future?
Could I have your autograph, Mr. Kong??
The idiot! He missed her!
Oh, well!! That's Show Biz!!
SPLAT

**Nothing to see here!**

**Please skip ahead.**



HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER CLEVER, WITTY AND RIDICULOUS

# MAD FOLD-IN

The recent national election was one of the roughest, dirtiest and mudslingingest in history. Each political party accused the other of the worst things possible, and everyone took a beating, regardless of whether he won or lost. Now we should try to bind up the wounds. If you fold page in as shown, you'll discover...

## WHICH NATIONAL SYMBOL IS GOING TO NEED THE BIGGEST REPAIR JOB?

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE BITTER PUNISHMENT THAT THESE TWO GREAT AMERICAN POLITICAL SYMBOLS TOOK IS NOW MAKING EACH WINCE WITH PAIN AT THE SLIGHTEST WIGGLE

Written and Illustrated by AL JAFFEE

HERE WE GO WITH

# MAD

The recent nationa
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FOLD IN PAGE LIKE THIS

# WHICH IS GOING TO NEEIR JOB?

A ▶◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

## THE AMERICAN EAGLE

Written and Illustrated
by AL JAFFEE

Photography by *(hic)* Leshter Krauss 'n' "D.T.'s" by *(hic)* good ol' Bob Clarke

# After the most hair-raising adventure of my life, I took the pledge and swore off booze!

**1** **"They were all around me!"** writes Sid Tippler, an ex-friend of Canadian Club. "I could see them so clearly—bats and mice and pink elephants and blue alligators and green snakes and a million cockroaches—all laughing, shrieking and dancing the cha-cha.

**2** **"I started** my weekend as usual by hocking my trusty typewriter. That gave me all the loot I needed.

**3** **"Back in my room,** I settled down to some serious boozing with the 4-day supply I'd bought.

**4** **"After** my wild adventure, I rushed down to my local A.A. Chapter—and swore off!"

Do yourself a favor! Take the pledge now—today! Swear off . . .

## *Canadian Club*

. . . or **Four Roses** or **Cutty Sark** or any other brand! They're all the same! Mainly, if you drink enough whiskey, you **could** end up like Sid Tippler—an Alcoholic with the "D.T.'s"!

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